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NOTES.

YESTERDAY the Session of 1897 came to an end, and the Government can look back with satisfaction on the good work that has been done. Constituents have an idea that it is the duty of their members to attend the House of Commons, and that their presence there facilitates business. This is, of course, a great mistake. The reason why the Government has been able to get its work done has been that members have been unusually slack in their attendance. This was a condition which we predicted at the end of last Session, and its result has been that the conduct of affairs has on the whole been thoroughly businesslike. Members have attended on the days when they could be most useful—that is, when they have had special knowledge of the subjects under discussion. If members of Parliament could be persuaded to make this the general rule of their attendance, there would be little to complain of in the conduct of business in the House of Commons.

Among individual members, no one has earned much distinction during the Session except Mr. Chamberlain. Whatever may have happened to his reputation as Colonial Secretary, it is certain that the interest in the House of Commons has centred wholly in him, and in domestic affairs he has very materially increased his reputation. The success of the Workmen's Accidents Bill is attributed solely to him, and it is to be noted that he has progressed in estimation not in spite of or in opposition to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, but with their active assent and good will. It cannot be said that the House likes Mr. Chamberlain, but it allows him to bully it more than any one else, and he is both respected and admired for the force of his character and his daring. The House of Commons is rather feminine in some of its characteristics, and likes to be ruled with a strong hand.

The most distinctive feature of the Session, however, has been the manifest disorganization of the Liberal party. The chief symptom of this has been the almost complete absence of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. John Morley. The conduct of the Opposition has been in the hands of guerilla chiefs like Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Philip Stanhope, and the warfare against the Government has consequently been sporadic and ineffective. In this is to be found another reason for the ease with which the Government has passed its measures, but it is not wholly a good thing for a Government to be confronted with a weak Opposition. Mr. Labouchere's manifesto from the National Liberal Club is another sign. It is not exactly calculated to improve the cohesion of the Liberals, and its proposal to ask for light and leading from the local organizations of the party is pure folly. The misfortune of the Liberals is

that they have no leader, and that there is no man in sight who is fit for the post. A strong party policy can never be developed from the jarring fads of the rank and file. It must come from a strong individuality at the head, aided by the advice of the best men in the party. Until the Liberals find their strong man they are likely to continue languishing in Opposition.

Of course they are sure to win a bye-election occasionally, and, writing before the event, Sheffield will probably be a victory for the Opposition. The name of Liberalism still exists, though it represents no particular policy or principle, and Mr. Maddison is a strong candidate. He is a sort of second Mr. Broadhurst and is not liked by the Labour party. His connexion with Trade-Unionism, however, may be trusted to carry him through.

The little incident on Wednesday between Mr. Wallace and Mr. Burdett-Coutts was very funny. "Is it in order, Mr. Speaker," asked Mr. Burdett-Coutts, "for the member to constantly direct his fierce and accusatory glances towards me?" Mr. Wallace, who was busy denouncing the indemnity imposed upon Greece, was rather taken aback by the interruption, and hastened to assure his quailing antagonist that he really had no animosity against him. It had all the appearance of a great joke, but there is no doubt that Mr. Burdett-Coutts was in deadly earnest. He seemed to be under the impression that Mr. Wallace was charging him with having imposed the indemnity. Mr. Wallace also distinguished himself in the discussion on the Prison-made Goods Bill on the Friday of last week. He has quite established his reputation as the humourist of the House, though his speeches have somewhat the air of having been prepared beforehand. Last week the House was rather jaded, and his jokes scarcely met with their usual success. Mr. Labouchere made a very poor speech on the same subject, and Mr. Dillon appeared in his usual character of a windbag.

Some of Lord George Hamilton's optimism in his Indian Budget statement was no doubt due to the manner in which events in the last few days have played into his hands. Sir Mancherjee Bhownagree infused some fire into his attack on Sir William Wedderburn and the Irish members, and it is long since so many members were present at any part of a debate on Indian finance as assembled to listen to his vehement characterization of all who had taken sides against the British in India. The common sense of the Indian problem was summed up by Sir Charles Dilke. India has grievances and serious grievances, but to propose the extension of the British Constitution to our Eastern Empire, to regard the Indian races as one people, and to accept the Indian Press as representative of more than a wretchedly insignificant portion of the population, are mere mischievous absurdities.

The prompt and vigorous measures taken by the Indian Government for the suppression of the rising in the Swat Valley are already meeting with the desired result, and the lesson administered to the Pathans is one which they will probably remember for some little time to come. The "mad mullah" is in a fair way to becoming discredited. He promised his followers an easy victory by turning the British bullets into water and by the performance of other interesting miracles. None of the miracles appear to have been fulfilled; the mullah himself is wounded, and the mortality among his dupes has been considerable. It is probable, as we have already stated in these columns, and as Lord George Hamilton admitted in the House of Commons on Thursday, that we shall see further outbreaks of fanaticism on the part of the Pathans before they settle down to a peaceful mode of life. But the moral of the events of the past few days will not be lost on them.

Lord George Hamilton is no doubt right in attributing the Poona outbreak to a clique composed of the descendants of those who at the beginning of the century controlled a considerable portion of India, and not to any deep-seated feeling of hatred to British rule on the part of the people at large. The authorities are to be congratulated therefore on the firmness they have displayed in the arrest of these sedition-mongers and on the promptitude with which they have disproved the malicious lies as to the conduct of British soldiers during the plague operations. Few people have credited these statements; but the uneducated Indian mind is readily inflamed, and therefore it is desirable for the peace of the country that those who trade on the fears and superstitions of their ignorant fellow-countrymen should be dealt with in exemplary fashion. The population of India, it should always be remembered, is made up of many inharmonious elements, and the task of government is at no time easy. For that reason it seems a great pity that nothing can be done with those meddlesome fanatics, here as well as in the Dependency itself, who are such good friends of India that they pose as the enemies of their own nation.

Opinion in South Africa is not pleased with the outcome of the South African debate last week. Of course the partisans of Mr. Rhodes out there are highly gratified at Mr. Chamberlain's apology for their hero and have been busy sending him resolutions of congratulation. But the Afrikaners regret that the report of the Committee, with its strong condemnation of Mr. Rhodes, was not left where it was. The vote of the House of Commons and Mr. Chamberlain's speech have weakened the good effect the report had begun to exercise upon South African opinion. There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain himself has forfeited the confidence of the Afrikaners. It is clear that he deliberately misled the House of Commons on 14 February last when he declared his belief that Mr. Rhodes was as innocent of responsibility for the Raid as the High Commissioner or the Colonial Office. Everybody in the House of Commons at the time he was speaking knew that a few days before he had seen and talked with Mr. Rhodes, and it was naturally assumed that his belief in Mr. Rhodes's innocence was the result of that conversation. It was not known until some time afterwards that at the interview nothing at all was said about the Raid.

Mr. Stead charges Mr. Chamberlain with downright falsehood and deceit. We do not believe him guilty of these, but we do believe him to have acted foolishly. If the transfer of Bechuanaland to the Chartered Company had been carried out, as it ought to have been, through the High Commissioner and the South African officials on the spot, in all likelihood there would have been no Raid. But Mr. Chamberlain had Khama and the other chiefs in this country, and it was his first chance of doing something on his own responsibility and directly from London. Hence the conversations at the Colonial Office with their "guarded allusions." Mr. Chamberlain confessed in his speech that at these interviews his mind was full of the Bechuanaland transfer. The minds of the Chartered

Company's representatives were equally full of the Johannesburg business. No wonder they misunderstood each other, but it was only because Mr. Chamberlain wanted to do things by himself that such a misunderstanding was possible. If Lord Rosmead had given evidence before the Committee, he could certainly have thrown a good deal of light upon this aspect of the subject. He probably knows better than any one else the exact amount of responsibility that attaches to Mr. Chamberlain.

The appeal made by Mr. Cripps and others in the House on Wednesday for the restoration of their commissions to Sir John Willoughby and the other officers convicted of participation in the Raid was quite rightly rejected by Mr. Brodrick for the War Office. They have been doubly punished, no doubt, but they went into the business with their eyes open. It is not true to say that they merely obeyed the orders of their superiors, or that they believed their action had the approval of the Imperial Government. They disobeyed the command of the High Commissioner, Her Majesty's representative, to return, although they were told then that their lightest punishment would be the loss of their commissions. Moreover, Sir John Willoughby, when asked at Pitsani on 29 December by the troopers of the Bechuanaland Police whom he was seeking to persuade to accompany the expedition, if it was in the service of the Queen, could not say Yes, and twenty troopers therefore declined to go over the frontier. Nor is it true to say that the subordinates are punished and that the ringleader goes scot-free. Mr. Rhodes has been punished most severely of all, for he has lost his commanding reputation and is condemned to see the work of his life, the union of South Africa, made a thousand times more difficult by his own act. Greater punishment for such a man there cannot be.

The article in the new "Nineteenth Century" by Mr. Lionel Phillips on the events inside Johannesburg at the time of the Raid makes it quite clear, moreover, that it was the precipitate action of Dr. Jameson and his officers which ruined any chance of success the movement may have had. Dr. Jameson was warned again and again that if he took the initiative the result would be absolute failure. He was told of the difficulty about the flag under which the revolution was to take place, but in spite of all he went in and the people in Johannesburg did not even know that he had started. Had they known, Mr. Phillips declares that they would have made the contemplated attack on the arsenal, ill prepared as they were, and he believes they would have had some chance of success. Thus Dr. Jameson and his officers not only disobeyed the commands of the Queen, but by their folly they ruined their own cause. It is out of place to ask for clemency in such a case, and Sir John Willoughby, Major Coventry and Colonel Grey would do well for their own sakes to persuade their friends to silence.

Mr. Curzon has not yet succeeded in correcting his objectionable manner, and in the debate on the Foreign Office Vote on Tuesday he was as professorial as usual. He always seems to be saying to the House: "I am not arguing with you; I am telling you." He often makes good points in his speeches, but the House has much the same dislike for him that one has for a precocious boy who puts on insufferable airs. Yet Mr. Curzon is a man of some ability, and it is his manner which is his worst enemy. He got rather entangled in his metaphors on Tuesday, and his description of Mr. Dillon as living in a world of mare's-nests of his own creation made the House smile.

The business of the week was not of especially absorbing interest. The amendments of the House of Lords to the Workmen's Accidents Bill did not take up much time in the Commons, and Mr. Chamberlain was no doubt right when he said they would not in any way diminish the benefits workmen would receive under the Bill. Since the Lords' amendments were undoubtedly prearranged, he was able to secure this beforehand. The discussion gave him an opening for a pretty piece

of exultation over Mr. Asquith, whose injudicious boast that the Bill as it had passed through the Commons would destroy contracting out was made too soon and gave the Government the opportunity of correcting their error.

The other measures that are to be added to the Statute Book—the Metropolitan Water Bill, the Land Transfer Bill, the Irish Judicature Bill, and the Foreign Prison-made Goods Bill—all passed through their remaining stages during the week with unusual celerity. The Food and Drugs Bill, introduced by Mr. Chaplin on Monday, is a severe measure, carrying out some of the recommendations of the Committee which sat upon the subject; but it was read a first time only in order that the Government might discover the general drift of opinion in its regard. As we anticipated last week, the London University Bill has been withdrawn, and before next Session there will be ample time to consider its merits and defects.

There is some mystery about the present commercial situation between the United States and Newfoundland. Mr. Chamberlain's answer to a question from Sir Charles Dilke on the subject on the Friday of last week looks very like an evasion. He was asked if the Colonial Office had promised that in case no agreement was come to between the United States and Canada in the near future, the Bond-Blaine Convention of 1890, under which Newfoundland products would be admitted duty free into the United States, would be sanctioned. Mr. Chamberlain replied that no despatch containing such a promise was "on record," whatever that may mean. There is more in this than meets the eye, and at the present juncture of affairs the matter is of considerable importance.

In the discussion on the Civil Service Estimates on Monday attention was very properly called to the fact that sufficient care is not given to the instruction of naval officers and others in foreign languages. In the Russian and German services English is spoken by nearly every officer. In the English navy only a small number of officers have passed as interpreters in French, a few in Spanish, eight in German and one in Russian. It is a trifle absurd that Latin and other subjects, which are soon wholly forgotten, should be made matters of importance, and that foreign languages should be neglected in this fashion. Mr. Goschen could scarcely do less than say that the matter was one which should receive earnest attention.

It is not the Powers who are responsible for the sudden acceleration in the progress of the peace negotiations during the past week. The Sultan has evidently had reasons of his own for wanting to have the question settled out of hand; without some such impetus from within, judging by previous experience, the negotiations would have dragged on indefinitely. The statement made by Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords on Monday added nothing to our knowledge of the situation, though it gave Mr. Curzon the opportunity of again referring the House of Commons for information to a statement made "in another place." The motives of the Sultan in hurrying matters on are no doubt mixed. He would probably like to touch an instalment of the indemnity as soon as possible, in view of his impoverished exchequer. The troops in Thessaly are not in the best of health, and Servia, Bulgaria and Montenegro are causing Abdul Hamid some perturbation. Moreover, there is a movement going on underneath the surface of Turkish politics which may lead to curious developments. The Palace favourites are evidently alarmed or they would not have made overtures to the Young Turkey party.

"Young Turkey" has gained an excellent advertisement from the silly prosecution of their organ, "Mechveret," in Paris. Some of his spies (presumably members of the party) have filled the Sultan with an inordinate dread of this little paper and its backers, and he is constantly worrying M. Hanotaux to suppress it and to hand over its editor to the care of the Turkish police. The mere suggestion of this about a year ago

raised such feeling in France that the Foreign Minister had to drop the scheme and disavow it with many protestations, but it was in contemplation all the same. Now he adopts the course of ordering a prosecution for "insulting" the Sultan. The case came on on Wednesday before the Correctional Police, with the result of turning the whole affair into a burlesque. The charges were all repeated in Court amidst much applause, and the two defendants, Ahmed Riza and Halil Ganem, were fined sixteen francs, being informed at the same time that as first offenders they would not be asked to pay the fine. All this will give a welcome lift to the Young Turks, who have been in very low water of late.

As a matter of fact, this Ahmed Riza is a well-meaning, plodding person of the German-schoolmaster type—indeed he is by birth half German—well educated, like all the party, but of no real importance. His colleague, Halil Ganem, is altogether a stronger and more significant personality. He was secretary to Midhat in the old "Constitution" days and a prominent member of Midhat's wonderful Parliament. On the fall of his master he managed to make good his escape, and has since been a fairly well-known figure in French Radical circles. Gambetta expected much of him, and M. Clémenceau is still his friend; but, like both his sponsors, he seems destined never to "arrive." Writing diatribes against Abdul Hamid in Paris is not a particularly effective way of "smashing" the Khalif. Murad Bey, of whom a good deal has been heard lately, was once in high favour in Constantinople. The Sultan once offered to make him Grand Vizier, and then, like a wise man, he fled. Overtures have lately been made to him to go back and enjoy the sunshine of the Imperial smile; but he knows what his fate would be if he ever again set foot within Yildiz Kiosk.

It is a great mistake on the part of the Engineering Employers' Federation to underrate the strength of the organization which is opposing them, as they are trying to do, nor do they improve their position by the manifestoes they issue at frequent intervals in justification of their position. To assert that the success of the 48 hours' week in the works where it has been introduced is unproven is absurd. The improved workmanship and the undiminished output in such works have been demonstrated again and again by impartial authorities. For the rest the dispute remains where it did. The men protest less than the masters, that is all, and this is commonly a sign of greater strength.

Bishops have never, as a body, been distinguished for wide or profound views on social reform, and the Lambeth Encyclical, issued on Thursday from the solemn conclave in Lambeth Palace, does not reveal them in any new light. It is a well-meaning document, full of deep earnestness and sincere piety; but its sacerdotal phraseology and its pious hopes are scarcely adequate to the solution of the difficult problems of our time. Temperance, the cessation of industrial war, the inauguration of universal peace, are questions to be settled in the market-place and not in the Archbishop's palace. There was a time when the bishops were a militant social force. Now a manifesto from them on social questions is very much like an anachronism.

It was unfortunate that the Blue-book on Colonial Trade made its appearance on the same day as the Report of the Agricultural Commission, for the smaller volume has been entirely swamped by the larger, although for immediate practical purposes it is in a sense the more important of the two. Indeed it has been doubly unfortunate, for Mr. Chamberlain's questions to the Colonial Premiers and trade officials were issued in the first place just on the eve of the Jameson Raid, and people have now to be reminded of what the Blue-book is about. The idea was to collect the opinions and experience of practical men in the Colonies, large and small, on the two great questions, whether in fact England was being squeezed out of the Colonial market, and if so, what were the causes? A summary of the various answers would supply a valuable chapter in a new edition of "Made in Germany." England

once had the monopoly and still has the preponderance in most branches, but Germany is steadily and insidiously undermining us. In some lines, such as iron wire, she has entirely driven us out; in others, she has secured 50, 60 and 70 per cent. of the business. The subject is too big a one to be treated in a note, but this most important of Blue-books must not be allowed to drop out of sight.

Lord Roberts is doing a number of interesting things in his Irish command. All next week the finest manœuvres ever attempted in Ireland will be carried out on the borders of Wicklow and Kildare. The "invading force," consisting of eight battalions of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, three batteries of Field Artillery with machine guns, Engineers, Army Service Corps, bearer companies, field hospital and all complete, has reached Dunlavin, and finds itself confronted at Poulaphuca on the Liffey with an inferior force of four battalions, with two squadrons of cavalry and two batteries of Horse Artillery. The fighting will take place between Dunlavin and Rathcoole, where reinforcements from the north are expected and on which point the defenders are falling back. There is to be no holiday parade work; everything is to be carried out under "service conditions." The various contingents will reach the rendezvous by "march route" and will go home in the same fashion, so we shall see for the first time whether we have a couple of divisions in Ireland really fit for a fortnight's hard marching and manœuvring under conditions similar to those of real war.

The King of Siam, who is now with us and whose little peculiarities of manner are supplying the daily papers with regular columns of much-needed matter, is a monarch deserving of appreciative consideration at the hands of Englishmen, whose Government has not been too consistently kind to him. He is the first of the sole kings, and during the thirty years of his reign he has effected many reforms in the internal administration of his country. To him is due credit for the practical abolition of slavery, the diminution of taxation, the opening out of Siam by roads and canals, the establishment of a new code of laws and an improved judicial system (which is still far from perfect), the inauguration of an efficient system of public instruction, and not a few more progressive movements. The sum of all this cannot be regarded as a poor result, especially as Chulalongkorn had virtually himself to inaugurate reforms in the country.

Among the curiosities of literary editing Professor Knight has supplied some of the most remarkable. In the eighth volume of his edition of Wordsworth's Poems, published a few days since, we note the following: "I have found this in a catalogue of Autograph Letters, and have no knowledge of its date [it is placed conjecturally under the year 1818] or of the Bard referred to. Solomon Gessner [Salomon Gessner is meant] wrote a poem on 'The Death of Abel' [let "poem" pass, though it is in prose], which was translated into English." Two epigrams, presumed to be by Wordsworth, follow:—

"Critics, right honourable Bard, decree
Laurels to some, a night-shade wreath to thee,
Whose muse a sure though late revenge hath ta'en
Of harmless Abel's death, by murdering Cain."
On "Cain, a Mystery," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott:—
"A German Haggis from receipt
Of him who cooked the death of Abel,
And sent 'warm-reeking, rich and sweet,'
From Venice to Sir Walter's table."

The difficult literary problem before Professor Knight was to find a "right honourable Bard," who, residing in Italy, dedicated "Cain, a Mystery" at some unknown date to Sir Walter Scott; the editor of Wordsworth gave it up in despair. After this we are not surprised to find an epitaph of sixteen lines rhymed in couplets described (p. 275) as a "sonnet," or to observe that Wordsworth's editor prints the poem "Grace Darling" (included in all editions from 1845 onwards) as a treasure-trove "not included in the edition of 1849-50."

THE DENOUNCED TREATIES.

LAST week various newspapers announced, on the vaguest authority, that Mr. Chamberlain had sent the Colonial Premiers empty away. We were assured that the Government found it impossible to take the plunge to which they were invited by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and denounce the Belgian and German treaties which have hitherto been an effectual barrier to preferential trade between Great Britain and her Colonies. This week the whole world has learnt, on authority which is not vague, that the treaties have actually been denounced, and that in 1898 they will cease to exist. Mr. Chamberlain has induced Lord Salisbury to do what Lord Rosebery and Lord Ripon shunned as the very plague. Mr. Chamberlain himself, it must be admitted, has toyed with the problem for two years. He attached undue importance to the despatch in which Lord Ripon, in the most approved Colonial Office manner, showed to his own satisfaction that it would never do for Great Britain to run the risks that might possibly lurk in withdrawal from these compacts with the German Zollverein and Belgium. That despatch, as a matter of fact, was a most mischievous and narrow-minded feat of economic pedantry, as wrong in its facts as it was misleading in its conclusions. For seventeen years the Canadians have hammered at the Colonial Office doors. They have since 1880 demanded the denunciation of these treaties, but Mr. Chamberlain seemed as little inclined as any of his predecessors to listen until Canada took the bull by the horns. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues compelled the Imperial Government to move, and at his conferences with the Premiers Mr. Chamberlain soon became aware that no hope of closer Imperial unity, commercial or political, could be entertained whilst the Belgian and German treaties remained in force. With Canada rests the credit for the momentous step which has now been taken.

The action of the Foreign Office in response to the challenge of the Dominion is a most striking evidence of the change which has come over the spirit of Imperial relations in the last quarter of a century. Lord Salisbury a year or more ago, in discussing the treaties, said he had searched the archives of the Foreign Office in vain for some explanation of the motive which influenced British diplomatists in concluding them. The motive is surely not very difficult to understand. The treaties were entered into at a time when the Colonies were believed to be on the high road to separation. In giving the foreigner the right to privileges in British Colonies enjoyed by the Mother-country, no one anticipated future embarrassment, because in due time these Colonies were expected to become independent nations. That they have remained loyal is in no way due to the Imperial Government. The Belgian and German treaties were only another proof of the ineptitude of our Colonial policy in the heyday of Manchesterism. By signing such treaties we acted in flat violation of the constitutions granted to the Colonies. They were wholly inconsistent with the fiscal freedom we were supposed to have conferred. Not content with permitting the Colonies to tax our goods—a right which Disraeli, as long ago as 1872, declared ought never to have been granted—we deliberately agreed to accept in those Colonies no consideration denied to the Belgian and German producer. Exactly a third of a century has elapsed since effect was given to this, the most fatuous effort for which the combined energies of the Colonial and Foreign Offices have ever been responsible. The Empire is, however, at last to be emancipated from bondage and left free to do as it likes within its own frontiers.

And, now the denunciation has taken place, what is to be the result? So far the heavens have not fallen. Our own Radical Press, which, as we showed a couple of months ago, was aghast at the idea of the abrogation of the treaties, now hails the move as in the right direction. They at last understand that barriers to freedom of trade between the Colonies and the Mother-country are not necessarily in keeping with Free-trade principles. Hence, where lamentation and gnashing of teeth were expected there is praise—which

makes us hopeful of the economics even of the Radical Press. On the Continent, moreover, there seems little or no disposition to declare the commercial war conjured up by Cobdenite imagination. On the contrary, both Germany and Belgium are speculating as to whether Great Britain herself intends to embark on such a war. We fancy we read between the lines of their speculations a fervent prayer that our purpose is peace. Neither Belgian nor German publicists are at all surprised that we desire to get rid of treaties which hamper our relations with our own kith and kin. If that is all we desire to do, their relief will be great. The foreign producer is no fool, and knows better than any one can tell him where his bread and butter are to be earned. It is not to the interest of either Germany or Belgium to embark on a commercial war with Great Britain. Germany sends us some twenty-six millions of goods a year for the seventeen millions' worth she buys of us, and Belgium sells us seventeen millions' worth whilst purchasing to the extent of only seven millions in return. Mr. Chamberlain has announced that we are ready to enter into new treaties, and if the German and the Belgian are the good men of business we take them to be, they will raise no difficulties. The treaties might be renewed exactly as they stand, minus only the half-dozen lines which affect the Colonies.

THE RELIEF OF AGRICULTURE

THOSE who looked for a series of drastic recommendations for the abatement of agricultural depression, as the outcome of the labours of the Royal Commission appointed nearly four years ago, will be grievously disappointed. The final Report of the Commission is issued this week. It is a voluminous document, and those parts of it which deal with the causes that have brought British agriculture to its present unhappy condition may be regarded as exhaustive. But it tells us practically nothing that we did not already know—practically nothing, for instance, that has not been pointed out and emphasized in these columns time after time. It is not news for us to be told that "the chief cause of the existing depression is the progressive and serious decline in the prices of farm produce"; that foreign competition has increased enormously during recent years; that, while no county has enjoyed immunity from the evil, it is the arable districts that have been most severely hit. But if it contains nothing startlingly original, the principal Report has this one merit, that it concentrates into a relatively small compass everything that can be said of the depression. And the Report is indeed calculated to induce despair for the future of our agricultural industry. During the last twenty years the price of our three staple cereals has diminished by more than 40 per cent., and wheat alone by as much as 50 per cent. In brief, the fall has been from 24 to 40 per cent., according to quality: in mutton (since 1882-84) from 20 to 30 per cent.; in wool (also since 1882-84) upwards of 50 per cent.; in milk, butter, and cheese, close upon 30 per cent.; and in potatoes from 20 to 30 per cent. Only the inferior grades of British meat have been injured by the expansion of imports; but this is a conspicuous exception. In all other categories of produce the depreciation has been persistent—a fact which the Commissioners regard as "one of the gravest features of the whole situation. They decline to commit themselves to any prophecy as to the future of foreign competition, but they fear that there is no near prospect of any permanent abatement in the competition.

Having arrived at this conclusion, it might be supposed that the Commissioners would have suggested measures for remedying the present state of things. We have looked in vain for any suggestions of this sort. There is plenty of sympathy for the hard lot of the British agriculturist, and we recognize a tendency in favour of protective measures. But of actual protective proposals we find no mention. The Commissioners appear to have been half-frightened at the logical conclusion to which their arguments carried them; and the best that can be said for their recommendations is that they are mere palliatives for the evil. They are good so far as they go, but they do

not go far enough. The proposals for the amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act, for the better technical education of the farmer and the improvement of his methods of management, for the adoption of co-operative methods in the manufacture and distribution of his produce, for the amendment of the Traffic Acts so as to make clear and effective the intentions of the Legislature in regard to rates on agricultural produce, for the adoption ("if practicable") of an arrangement between the Post Office and the railway companies for the reduction of parcels post charges on agricultural produce—these are all admirable; but, supposing them all to be adopted, would the British farmer be much better off? Though left unexpressed, Protection was clearly in the minds of the Commissioners when their Report was framed, and it is much to be regretted that they did not give unequivocal expression to their thought. Mr. Gladstone may, like the Commissioners, advocate small culture, and, to do him justice, his advice on this matter has been consistent, and has brought profit to those who have been sensible enough to adopt it. But the British farmer will not find salvation in small culture.

TWO INTERIM REPORTS ON DANGEROUS TRADES.

TWO departmental Committees employed on inquiries into dangerous trades have recently published interim reports, dealing, the one with electrical generating works, the other with wool-sorting and kindred trades. There is a notable difference of tone in these two Reports. The former is commendably brief, concise and businesslike, even lucid, considering how recondite a topic is being dealt with. The attitude of the Committee towards the whole question of electrical generating is not remedial but preventive. They do not consider that an accident having happened to a man under certain conditions it is enough so to safeguard the machinery that it shall not recur. Their attitude is rather that of asking whether death or injury could possibly result to the workman from contact, however casual, with this or that machine, and what steps should be taken to protect him. The Report concludes (and here the hand of Professor C. V. Boys, who was appointed a member of the Committee last February, is plainly discernible) with drastic recommendations, twenty-two in number, for the adoption of special rules for the protection of the workmen. No rules can be too drastic, no precautions too elaborate, in an occupation where chance contact with a wire may cause instantaneous death. One rule calls for special commendation. After laying down that "Any person at work upon a cable or portion of the mains under high pressure shall wear indiarubber gloves upon both hands," Rule XI. provides that "The gloves shall be supplied by the occupier, and it shall be the duty of the manager to see that they are in a proper state of repair and are worn by the workpeople." The efficiency of any protection of this kind can only be ensured by making the employer responsible for its use. It is very frequently objected that the workpeople neglect the precautionary measures when they are provided. In this case it is clearly the duty of the man who risks their lives or health for his own profit to protect them against their own ignorance. Too frequently when precautions are neglected it is because the protective material is unfit for use. We hear, for instance, of respirators choked with the dust they are intended to avert and baths caked with the lead they are supposed to remove.

In conclusion, the Committee express their belief that any special rules must imperfectly provide for the safety of the workpeople unless a specially qualified person be retained to advise H.M. Chief Inspector on matters requiring technical knowledge of electricity.

Very different is the frame of mind in which the other Committee appointed to inquire into wool-sorting and kindred trades has set about its task. The Report on wool-sorting, though it has the advantage of being more intelligible and very much more interesting reading than that on electrical generation, is characterized throughout by a certain timorous hesitancy. It is as

though it started from the assumption that employers were "all honourable men," and it would be inadvisable to propose the adoption of any measures that might inconvenience them. For our part, we are rather inclined to agree with Sir Peter Teazle that "We live in a damned wicked world, Sir Oliver, and the fewer people we praise in it the better." From a common-sense point of view, at any rate, the employer doesn't carry on his business from purely altruistic motives by giving employment to his workpeople—he does it to make money as quickly and as cheaply as possible, and in the process he very often buys the lives of his workpeople at a terribly small cost. In the present instance, that of wool-sorting, those employed upon it are liable to an obscure and deadly form of blood-poisoning, technically known as anthrax. The disease is common to men and animals, and is contracted by the former from handling or breathing the dust from the wool or skins of animals that have died of it. In 1880, on the recommendation of a Coroner's jury, a Code of rules was drawn up by employers, wool-sorters and representatives of the Factory Department, and in 1884 it was extended and elaborated in consequence of further deaths. It is known as the Bradford Code, and it is upon this Code that the "new rules" instituted by the Committee are based. An interesting independent commentary on the effectiveness of this code is furnished by the "Bradford Observer." On 1 July and 15 July the "Bradford Observer" reports two inquests held upon the bodies of Jonas Rushworth and William Barthrop Aaron, wool-sorters employed by Messrs. Foster & Son of Queensbury. Both deaths had taken place from anthrax. It appeared from evidence given by the firm: (i) That there had been thirteen deaths among 117 to 135 wool-sorters employed by them in the last ten years; (ii) That the Bradford Code had been in force.

The clear inference is that either the Bradford Code is inefficient or that in these cases its rules had not been properly carried out. But an interesting minor point arose in the case of the man Aaron. The solicitor for Aaron's relatives tried to show that Messrs. Foster had not carried out properly the rule which enjoins that a draught conveying 25 to 30 cubic feet of air shall be provided to carry away the dust at the wool-sorting table. Messrs. Foster retorted that, as a matter of fact, they provided apparatus which furnished a draught three times as great as that required by the *new rules*. Here, again, the inference is clear, and it is that either the new rules are inefficient to prevent deaths from anthrax, or else that the employers can devise and use apparatus which does not obey the intention of the regulations even if it complies with the wording of the rule. Is it this kind of thing which the Committee was thinking of when it framed its present Report, "bearing in mind that distinction must be made between rules which will have the force of law and those which depend solely for their enforcement on the goodwill of those to be bound by them"? When one firm can show thirteen deaths in ten years out of fewer than 140 wool-sorters employed, it hardly seems an occasion to speak forbearingly of rules which depend solely for their enforcement on the goodwill of those bound by them. The importance of these inquiries cannot be overrated and those employed on them incur a very grave responsibility. On the thoroughness and impartiality with which their task is conducted depends the health and even the lives of the workpeople.

LONDON IMPRESSIONS.

IV.

A TERRIBLE thing in nature is the fall of a horse in his harness. It is a tragedy. Despite their skill in skating, there was that about the pavement on the rainy evening which filled me with expectations of horses going headlong. Finally it happened just in front. There was a shout and a tangle in the darkness and presently a prostrate cab horse came within my cylinder. The accident having been a complete success and altogether concluded, a voice from the sidewalk said: "Look out now! Be more careful, cawnt you?"

I remember a constituent of a Congressman at Washington who had tried in vain to bore this Con-

gressman with a wild project of some kind. The Congressman eluded him with skill, and his rage and despair ultimately culminated in the supreme grievance that he could not even get near enough to the Congressman to tell him to go to Hades.

This cabman should have felt the same desire to strangle this man who spoke from the sidewalk. He was plainly impotent; he was deprived of the power of looking out. There was nothing now for which to look out. The man on the sidewalk had dragged a corpse from a pond and said to it: "Be more careful, cawnt you? or you'll drown." My cabman pulled up and addressed a few words of reproach to the other. Three or four figures loomed into my cylinder, and as they appeared spoke to the author or the victim of the calamity in varied terms of displeasure. Each of these reproaches was couched in terms that defined the situation as impending. No blind man could have conceived that the precipitate phase of the incident was absolutely closed. "Look out now, cawnt you?" And there was nothing in his mind which approached these sentiments near enough to tell them to go to Hades.

However, it needed only an ear to know presently that these expressions were formulæ. It was merely the obligatory dance which the Indians had to perform before they went to war. These men had come to help, but as a regular and traditional preliminary they had first to display to this cabman their idea of his ignominy.

The different thing in the affair was the silence of the victim. He retorted never a word. This, too, to me, seemed to be an obedience to a recognized form. He was the visible criminal, if there was a criminal, and there was born of it a privilege for them.

They unfastened the proper straps and hauled back the cab. They fetched a mat from some obscure place of succour and pushed it carefully under the prostrate thing. From this panting, quivering mass they suddenly and emphatically reconstructed a horse. As each man turned to go his way he delivered some superior cautions to the cabman while the latter buckled his harness.

V.

There was to be noticed in this band of rescuers a young man in evening clothes and a top-hat. Now in America a young man in evening clothes and a top-hat may be a terrible object. He is not likely to do violence, but he is likely to do impassivity and indifference to the point where they become worse than violence. There are certain of the more idle phases of civilization to which America has not yet awakened—and it is a matter of no moment if she remains unaware. This matter of hats is one of them. I recall a legend recited to me by an esteemed friend, ex-sheriff of Tin Can, Nevada. Jim Cortright, one of the best gun-fighters in town, went on a journey to Chicago and while there he procured a top-hat. He was quite sure how Tin Can would accept this innovation, but he relied on the celerity with which he could get a six-shooter into action. One Sunday Jim examined his guns with his usual care, placed the top-hat on the back of his head, and sauntered coolly out into the streets of Tin Can.

Now, while Jim was in Chicago, some progressive citizens had decided that Tin Can needed a bowling alley. The carpenters went to work the next morning and an order for the balls and pins was telegraphed to Denver. In three days the whole population was concentrated at the new alley betting their outfits and their lives.

It has since been accounted very unfortunate that Jim Cortright had not learned of bowling alleys at his mother's knee nor even later in the mines. This portion of his mind was singularly belated. He might have been an Apache for all he knew of bowling alleys.

In his careless stroll through the town, his hands not far from his belt and his eyes going sideways in order to see who would shoot first at the hat, he came upon this long low shanty where Tin Can was betting itself hoarse over a game between a team from the ranks of Excelsior Hose Company No. 1 and a team composed from the habitués of the "Red Light" saloon.

Jim, in blank ignorance of bowling phenomena, wandered casually through a little door into what must

always be termed the wrong end of a bowling-alley. Of course he saw that the supreme moment had come. They were not only shooting at the hat and at him, but the low-down cusses were using the most extraordinary and hellish ammunition. Still perfectly undaunted, however, Jim retorted with his two Colts and killed three of the best bowlers in Tin Can.

The ex-Sheriff vouched for this story. He himself had gone headlong through the door at the firing of the first shot with that simple courtesy which leads Western men to donate the fighters plenty of room. He said that afterward the hat was the cause of a number of other fights, and that finally a delegation of prominent citizens were obliged to wait upon Cortright and ask him if he wouldn't take that thing away somewheres and bury it. Jim pointed out to them that it was his hat and that he would regard it as a cowardly concession if he submitted to their dictation in the matter of his head-gear. He added that he purposed to continue to wear his top-hat on every occasion when he happened to feel that the wearing of a top-hat was a joy and a solace to him.

The delegation sadly retired and announced to the town that Jim Cortright had openly defied them and had declared his purpose of forcing his top-hat on the pained attention of Tin Can whenever he chose. Jim Cortright's Plug Hat became a phrase with considerable meaning to it.

However, the whole affair ended in a great passionate outburst of popular revolution. Spike Foster was a friend of Cortright, and one day when the latter was indisposed Spike came to him and borrowed the hat. He had been drinking heavily at the "Red Light," and was in a supremely reckless mood. With the terrible gear hanging jauntily over his eye and his two guns drawn, he walked straight out into the middle of the square in front of the Palace Hotel, and drew the attention of all Tin Can by a blood-curdling imitation of the yowl of a mountain lion.

This was when the long-suffering populace arose as one man. The top-hat had been flaunted once too often. When Spike Foster's friends came to carry him away they found nearly a hundred and fifty men shooting busily at a mark, and the mark was the hat. My informant told me that he believed he owed his popularity in Tin Can, and subsequently his election to the distinguished office of Sheriff, to the active and prominent part he had taken in the proceedings.

The enmity to the top-hat expressed by this convincing anecdote exists in the American West at present, I think, in the perfection of its strength; but disapproval is not now displayed by volleys from the citizens, save in the most aggravating cases. It is at present usually a matter of mere jibe and general contempt. The East, however, despite a great deal of kicking and gouging, is having the top-hat stuffed slowly and carefully down its throat, and there now exist many young men who consider that they could not successfully conduct their lives without this furniture.

To speak generally, I should say that the headgear, then, supplies them with a kind of ferocity of indifference. There is fire, sword and pestilence in the way they heed only themselves. Philosophy should always know that indifference is a militant thing. It batters down the walls of cities and murders the women and children amid flames and the purloining of altar vessels. When it goes away it leaves smoking ruins where lie citizens bayoneted through the throat. It is not a children's pastime like mere highway robbery.

Consequently in America we may be much afraid of these young men. We dive down alleys so that we may not kow-tow. It is a fearsome thing.

Taught thus a deep fear of the top-hat in its effect upon youth, I was not prepared for the move of this particular young man when the cab-horse fell. In fact I grovelled in my corner that I might not see the cruel stateliness of his passing. But in the meantime he had crossed the street, and contributed the strength of his back and some advice, as well as the formal address to the cabman on the importance of looking out immediately.

I felt that I was making a notable collection. I had a new kind of porter, a cylinder of vision, horses that could skate, and now I added a young man in a top-hat who would tacitly admit that the beings around him

were alive. He was not walking a churchyard, filled with inferior headstones. He was walking the world, where there were people, many people.

But later I took him out of the collection. I thought he had rebelled against the manner of a class, but I soon discovered that the top hat was not the property of a class. It was the property of rogues, clerks, theatrical agents, damned seducers, poor men, nobles, and others. In fact, it was the universal rigging. It was the only hat; all other forms might as well be named ham, or chops, or oysters. I retracted my admiration of the young man because he may have been merely a rogue.

STEPHEN CRANE.

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THE RISING IN SWAT.

IN an article entitled "The Chitral Decision" which appeared in this Review on 17 August, 1895, I pointed out the danger of isolating a small body of troops in Chitral and entrusting its precarious communications to tribal levies, raised from a people whose country we had just occupied, in violation of solemn pledges given them by the Indian Government.

What is the state of affairs to-day? The tribes whose opposition we escaped, two years ago, by deluding them with false promises, see in the impoverished and weakened condition of India, just emerging from famine and plague, and stirred, in parts at least, by resentment and discontent, the necessary favourable opportunity for regaining their independence. Within thirty miles of our old frontier they have surrounded two outposts, shut up 3,000 troops in an entrenched position, and compelled the Indian Government to mobilize other 12,000 men at the hottest and unhealthiest season of the year. 15,000 men will more than suffice to deal with the Swatis alone, but how if their fighting strength of 9,000 men is reinforced by 8,000 Bunerwals, 5,000 Utman Khels and 20,000 Mohmands? And who shall guarantee us against the contagion of revolt spreading to yet more distant tribes or against the danger of complications arising, through the Mohmands, with the Amir of Afghanistan, whose subjects they really are, though we claim to exercise a protectorate over some of them?

Meantime, what is happening in Chitral? The Indian Government is trying to communicate the fact of the Swati rising to the troops there in order that they may be on their guard and take all precautions for their own safety; but no one knows whether they have not already to deal with a rising of their own, and it is certain that help cannot reach them except *via* Gilgit till the hostile gatherings in the Malakand Pass have been entirely dispersed. Fortunately they are provisioned till next May, by which time we shall certainly have beaten the Swatis, if the revolt is confined to them, and probably have broken down even the largest combination that could be formed against us, Afghanistan excluded. But it will not be as easy as some people would have us believe. When a Reuter's telegram comments with complacency on the forced inaction of the British as likely to encourage a concentration of the enemy and thus enable us, on the arrival of reinforcements, to crush the rising at one blow, the man who sent it lays bare his own ignorance of the tactics of these mountaineers. If tribal gatherings kindly waited to suit our convenience and then allowed us to draw them into fighting pitched battles, the question of the wisdom of these occupations of their territories might be answered differently; but this is the very thing that they carefully avoid doing. When *we* concentrate *they* disperse, to close in again as we divide our forces—as divide them we must where long lines of communications have to be held—and crushing blows never have a chance of being delivered.

Still, when it comes to fighting we may count on beating our enemies in the end; only our victories in these mountainous countries are barren of results and win for us but a precarious peace. Over and over again the same work has to be done, at the same cost, and never to any good end. In all our new territories, from Quetta to Gilgit, there is nothing worth possessing, *except the confidence of the tribes*, and that, which under

the frontier system established by Sir John Lawrence we were slowly but surely gaining, the Forward Policy has killed. Is there no hope that this fresh object-lesson may open the eyes of the British people to the folly of ruining India for the sake of protecting her against imaginary dangers?—imaginary because, if it is so difficult for us to keep open the communications of a stationary force at Chitral, only 160 miles from our border, against the attacks of two or three tribes, the difficulties of Russian armies as they drew ever further and further away from their base would be nothing less than insuperable. This being a truth from which there is no escaping, will a Government whose own principal military advisers were opposed to the retention of Chitral persist in an occupation the fruits of which are, and ever will be, periodic wars resulting in a heavy drain upon India's dwindling resources?

H. B. HANNA.

THE BEST SCENERY I KNOW.

IX.

SCENERY is ever a contrast, unconscious at times, with that which has gone before. The rugged mountain after the tame valley, the peaceful lowlands after the bleak hillside, the bracing foreshore with its surf-beat voes after the heat of the suburban common, the restful river after the tossing ocean, all these have in turn been "best" in our fickle allegiance.

Memory, thrown of a sudden on its resources by the editorial behest—for, of a truth, the London street before me needs a stronger lyre than mine to tune its praises—struggles through a strange jumble of land- and sea-scape, dwelling uncertain on shady Cornish bays with their red-sailed luggers, on Red Sea sunsets, Ceylon gardens, Queensland bush, Hobart waters mirroring the snow-capped mountain, golden sunrises on Sydney's harbour, twilight glories in coral-bound shallows in Whitsunday Passage and Albany Pass guarded by its double file of giant ant-hills.

Flying in thirty seconds to and fro over the thirty thousand miles covered the year before last, the fickle jade memory lights for choice upon one scene, one flash of tropical grandeur that suffers by no comparison with the things of earth; and this picture is sunrise on the volcano at Buitenzorg, as seen from the verandah of the little Belle Vue Hotel. How many hostelries of this name occur to me as in imagination I look down an endless vista of holiday jaunts, and how various their claims to the distinction! Well, surely none ever deserved it more than the wayside "pension" at the feet of grim Salak.

Beautiful as is the memory of this landscape in itself, it has more potently than any the magic of contrast. For Buitenzorg after Batavia is something more joyous than Snowdon after surburbia, Simla after Calcutta, Nuwara Eliya after Colombo, the Blue Mountains after Sydney at its hottest. None indeed of these purgatories comes within measurable distance of Batavia; and if Buitenzorg fall short of paradise, it may in all fairness be asked, Does hell hold much surprise for a man after his first night, in summer more especially, in the capital of the Dutch Indies?

For the first few hours, after the short journey by rail from Tanjong Priok with its glimpses of gaily coloured barges gliding through gaps in the palms that screen the canal, Batavia may content the new arrival bored with the fortnight's calm green seas and everlasting mangrove-fringed islands that separate Java from Thursday Island.

Restful are the porches of the Hôtel des Indes by comparison with the dusty breathless jolt in the rickety *dos-à-dos* that whirls him from the station, still more grateful the lounges and iced concoctions of the "Harmonie." But, even this first afternoon, he soon tires of the endless canals and bridges, the importunate hawkers, the glare of the "plains," the dust and flies above all. Then comes the first night as a revelation in the refinement of horrors, the sweltering, sleepless night so typical of the city that now straggles over what was malarial swamp, the nightmare of the fat white rulers and their spare brown subjects that ever dance around the huge and comfortless bed with mosquito-netting in place of coverings.

Next morning, the riddle of the bath-room with no other bath than a cask of water and scoop: the satisfying breakfast with its cold meats and strange fruits; then, soon after an equally heavy lunch, a hurried consultation of time-tables, and yet another scramble in a *dos-à-dos* to the King's Plain, where gratefully we enter the hot train, partitioned in classes according to the nationality of the occupants, that is to transport us, gently and without the haste that is so obnoxious to Dutch pioneers, to the fertile uplands, to the feet of smouldering Salak silent now these two hundred years.

The track rises, the thermometer falls, and in our progress we meander past terrace on terrace of rich, highly cultivated fields that repay the energy of the picturesque buffalo-plough and scythes of quaint pattern. The eye that tired but a month ago of the eerie bareness of the flat Australian bush dwells gratefully on the redundant population and waving fields of maize and sugar, with their dim blue background of mountains.

At length we arrive, but the shadows are already falling, and the drive to the hotel of our choice reveals little. It was not until next dawn, after the interval of another heavy dinner, followed by coffee in the portico, with the diversion of a tame crane dumbly begging scraps and anon darting his long bill in vain at the lizards that flash over the walls, that we were to look our first on the scene that years are powerless to efface.

Of a truth, this scene is the gem of Buitenzorg. Well enough in their way are the much-praised Gardens with all their wealth of vegetation, but surely scarce more appealing than those at Sydney or Colombo; refreshing to the travel-worn European is the early plunge in the natural swimming-bath close by; restful the Governor's deer park, though not to be named in the same breath with some we know at home.

But the first glimpse, acting like magic on eyes only half wakened, of the mighty volcano that towers sheer a mile and a half into the hazy air, leaping as it were from our very garden, shaking itself free far overhead from the clinging garb of lofty palms that dwindle to the scale of feathers on some giant bird, this is something that we may behold only in thankful silence. Down the gully on our right tumbles a foaming river in whose brown waters graceful native mothers clad in gay "sarongs" dip their clamouring children.

Of a sudden, our gaze is riveted on the topmost peaks of Salak, and the extinct giants that flank it, which the first shafts of the rising sun have just struck. As we watch, heedless of time, deaf to the loud droning of the carpenter-bees that are busy undermining our verandah, the redglory, ever broadening to discover to our gaze fresh beauties, steals down the wooded slopes till it rests at length on the roofs of the bamboo cottages at our feet. Then a swift shower comes, fringing with pearls the still palm-leaves, to break the spell. Regretfully we retire within to dress for breakfast. But the memory of that sunrise will surely end only with life!

F. G. AFLALO.

X.

TO the tourist who discovers Glasgow under a mid-summer fog—after dreary search—the thought presents itself that he has happened upon a chilly suburb of Hell. With this distinct advantage: that the unhappy traveller can quit it easily, and in half an hour find himself amid scenes that offer a reasonable suggestion of Heaven. This contrast, indeed, is as steep as it is pleasant. Behind him is the clamorous Northern city swathed in a thick morning atmosphere which looks like treacle and tastes like sulphur; while before him, as he steps from the train at Gourcock, there spreads a scene of so rare a beauty that he shall find it hard to name its equal, however far he has travelled. And the charm of the Firth of Clyde is quite as insistent if the traveller makes his approach from the open sea. To come upon deck in the early morning, after crossing the troubled Atlantic, and find your steamship sliding over smooth sun-bright water—the green fields of Ayrshire on one hand, with the grim hills of Arran on the other—is to chance upon an unforgettable plea ure.

For myself the Firth of Clyde has a subtle loveliness which is altogether private, a charm of the fleet moment

and the unsuspected day, which is not to be culled by the casual sightseer. Often, indeed, these high moments arrive in winter when the tourist, in his pathetic ignorance, conceives that all the land lies in wilderness-gloom beyond the city lamps. But there is also a beauty in this scenery which is quite public, which appeals frankly to the man with the guide-book and the binoculars. Given the right weather—an important concession—that tourist is hard to please who does not find enjoyment in a week of boat-travel on this Firth. A week at least; because the beauty here is not to be compassed by the eye at one sweep; it lies wide apart; it is varied; it is of the night as well as of the morning.

The right weather is oftenest found in June. Then the sky is at its clearest; the lower slopes of the surrounding hills at their greenest; and the wide Firth is then prone to spread its silken smoothness like a lake. Yet at first the sightseer may find himself disappointed; the trim sheltered homeliness of the Cowal shore, with the smug villadom of Dunoon, is not quite the shaggy Scotland of his expectations. But gradually, as the morning mist is withdrawn, the hills of Argyshire uplift themselves; and later still, the remote peaks of Arran come softly into the picture. Seen through a great depth of humid atmosphere these mountainous masses are so cunningly delicate in outline, and possess such an air of buoyancy, that the beholder is fain to think that they are mere morning clouds, until the strengthening sunlight touches them to quick lights and fitting shadows, spreading a ravelment of soft tones over their mighty bosses.

Green in all its nuances is the prevailing midsummer tone; but in autumn the blossomed heather makes itself dominant in a dazzle of deep purple. And that, perhaps, is the best time to visit the sea-lochs which branch off among the hills, like the spread fingers of a hand. Loch Long, Loch Goil, Loch Striven, the Holy Loch, the Gareloch—each one is possessed of a particular charm. My favourite is Loch Goil. Smooth and dark it lies among the steep hills; sombre even in the sunlight, it shows in its still depths, as in a magician's-glass, every faintest stir of the clouds, every slightest tone of a changeful autumn day.

And if in the Firth of Clyde the beauty of clear daylight is good, surely the gracious loveliness of the gloaming is better. Go afishing, if your utilitarian soul demands an excuse for seeking matter so trivial as a sunset. Join the nightly fleet in Brodick Bay; and when the crimson splendour spreads itself over the waters, and the jagged peaks of Arran become dark against the fretted gold, you shall surely catch that which is worthy of your lure. Slowly the colour fades from behind the solemn peaks; the crimson passes from the waters; and the great shadows of the hills go out across the Bay. The magician, it would seem, has withdrawn. But no; here is a large white moon going slowly above the far Ayrshire coast, and a pathway of dancing silver is already on the Firth; for in this favoured region beauty delivers us to beauty in a spacious round of enchantment.

HAMISH HENDRY.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY BILL.

THE Bill entitled "An Act to make further provision with respect to the University of London" has again been withdrawn, although Mr. Balfour "earnestly hopes that next year the Government will be in a position to settle this long-standing question." It must be admitted on all sides that the present attempt to settle the question has given satisfaction to nobody, and that the Bill was wrecked by threats of active opposition on the part of a small number of members of Convocation, the best known of whom are Mr. Moulton and the Chairman of the County Council, Dr. Collins. This party is opposed to any alteration whatever in the organization of the University, and they may be reckoned on to oppose all proposals in the direction of assimilating the teachers and the examiners. Mr. Moulton, in a recent letter to the Press, made use of the well-worn expression "to brand their own herrings," referring to the awarding of a degree with the assistance of the teachers. This expression may be taken as the shibboleth of irreconcilability and characterizes the

view that teachers are by nature miserable sinners, and there is no health in them. The opposite view is that, just as the Bar is trusted to regulate its own affairs, subject only to the control of public criticism, so the profession of teachers, or at least such of them as have the distinction to be raised by their fellows to the position of Councillors, are best able to determine what are the best means of advancing knowledge and of educating young men for the business of life.

Indeed, the difference between the two views is a fundamental one. It turns on the answer given to the question—"What is the best method of preparing young men for the business of life?" The answer current in England, and prominent in the minds of those who hold up the present University of London as a satisfactory institution, is—The imparting of knowledge, and the testing of the power of young men to retain it till a given moment, and then to eject it in an orderly and reasonable manner. To this ideal the English love of a contest has added itself, and a prominent place is given to those who display most ability in cramming and answering. To trace the origin of this national mode of regarding education would take some time. Suffice it to say that it is partly the result of the reform in the Civil Service, and partly due to the exigencies of the College system in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In these Universities the system of "coaches" is fully developed, and the Colleges compete with each other for honours in the University examinations. Lectures by the University Professors, however eminent, are sparsely attended, for the way they point out is not that which leads straightest to the goal—a high place in the examination lists. Moreover, there is little or no use, from the candidate's point of view, in gaining their esteem or in being interested in their pursuits. The case of the University of London is not widely different from that of the Old Universities. Although denied the advantages of "residence"—a system which has undoubtedly a good influence on many young men, though in many cases it is an incitement to idleness—yet the system of "coaching" is well organized, for it is found, as a matter of fact, that it is easier to gain a degree through study of old examination-questions than by endeavouring to acquire a fundamental knowledge of the subjects of examination.

It is not, of course, denied that under this system able men occasionally come to the front. They would do so under any system or under any want of system. Our contention is this—and it is supported by the opinion of educated men in all parts of Europe—Turkey excepted—that this system is not in modern times the best preparation for the realities of life. The two most useful qualities which a man can have are the power of dealing with his fellow-men, and the power of utilizing the forces of inanimate nature. To gain the first, the study of such subjects as Philosophy, History, and Political Economy are desirable; to gain the second, the study of the Physical Sciences and Engineering. But such powers are best acquired from leaders of thought; and it is such persons who should find homes in the Professorial Chairs of our Universities. Foreign Universities are characterized, as a rule, by the eminence of the occupants of their Chairs; and in England, we have no cause to think that we are much behind our neighbours in this respect, though many Professorships might be named whose occupants have long ceased to advance the knowledge of their respective subjects. In England, however, such eminent persons are, by the requirements of our examinational system, deprived of the power of influencing their surroundings; no school of thought grows up under their care; and if they accommodate themselves to their environment, they will best achieve the object of the institutions in which they are placed by imitating their rivals, the crammers.

It was in hopes that a remedy might be found for this lamentable state of things that an attempt has been made to reform the University of London. It was acknowledged that a sufficiently eminent body of teachers was to be found in the Colleges of London to be entrusted with the education of young men, as opposed to their preparation for examinations. Three Royal Commissions have reported in favour of schemes which, in the opinion of most of those competent to

judge, would have tended towards the improvement of the present disastrous condition of affairs. Even the Bill which has failed to pass this Session, although by its provisions every school teacher who attempted to prepare for the intermediate examination in arts or science (which may be considered to be "instruction of a University type") and many teachers in "Polytechnics" would have been included as "teachers of the University," was accepted in the hope that once the University was organized the part played by such persons would be a secondary one. It is improbable that any attempt to reform the existing University of London will succeed, for opposition must always be expected from the irreconcilable minority of the Convocation; and the much-needed reform in our educational methods must be sought elsewhere.

A LONDON UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR.

WOMEN FACTORY INSPECTORS.

TO the general public it will not appear of very great importance whether there are five Women Factory Inspectors of equal grade or whether one of them superintends the work of her colleagues. In point of fact the meditated reversion on the part of the Home Office to the original state of things in which the Women Factory Inspectors were entirely under the direction of Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Factories hampers and curtails the work of a very useful public department. It is difficult to see why this return to leading strings should be thought advisable now, however necessary it may have been when the employment of women at the Home Office at all was a purely tentative and experimental measure. Of the excellent work of these pioneers it is impossible to speak too highly, and from the worker's point of view its importance cannot be overrated. The ceaseless vigilance of the little band of Lady Factory Inspectors, and their unwearied activity in the always unpleasant and often thankless task of prosecuting for breaches of the Factory Acts, are abundantly shown by reference to the Reports of the Factory Department. Their earnest, conscientious, and indefatigable work has been the means of bringing to light many abuses which a man's more cursory observation would have failed to detect, and of introducing better conditions of employment for the most helpless class of workers into many a factory and workshop.

To the numerous "complaints" received from the workers by the Women's Trades' Union League is invariably appended the request "Please send a *Lady* Inspector; a gentleman has been through, but we didn't get a chance to speak to him." An Inspector has the right to question employes alone, and a workgirl has naturally more confidence in making her complaint to another woman than to a man, especially when, as is continually the case, the principal evil to be remedied is neglected or deficient sanitation. It was indeed a working woman, Emma Paterson, pioneer of Trades Unions for Women, who first began to agitate for the appointment of women Factory Inspectors as long ago as 1876. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the men Inspectors are stationed each one in his own district, and though they are occasionally moved or promoted, their experience of the industrial world is necessarily limited. The women Inspectors, on the other hand, are peripatetic. They have visited every inch of the British Isles, investigating abuses in forgotten holes and corners. They are intimately acquainted, therefore, with the varying rates of wages, the conditions of employment and the temper of employer and employed in all parts of the kingdom. Consequently the establishment of the women Factory Inspectors as a distinct and separate department, with one of their number as superintending Inspector, more than trebled their usefulness and the amount of work they were able to accomplish. Complaints from working women of breaches of the Act came direct to them and were dealt with by them immediately, the Superintending Inspector deciding in each case whether or no it was advisable to prosecute.

The advantages of this arrangement are obvious. If, on the other hand, no new Superintending Lady Factory Inspector is appointed, complaints must be submitted

to the Chief Inspector of Factories. Of necessity he is less intimately and directly in touch with the work, and cannot be expected to give to it the same sympathy or interest as a woman Inspector who has a more direct personal responsibility and interest in the efficiency and results of the work of her department.

There is then no apparent reason why the Home Office should hesitate to appoint from among the present staff one member of it as Superintending Inspector. The only difficulty would appear to be that of making a selection where the claims of each are so great, though this would surely be obviated by the loyalty and single-mindedness which have distinguished the work of the women's department in the past, and which would render it equally effective and harmonious in the future.

MARION SHARPE GREW,

Ex Sec. Women's Trades' Union League.

THE CYCLE CHAMPIONS.

TO the cyclist whose soul is set upon record-breaking, the international races held last week in the Celtic Park, Glasgow, were of supreme importance; and even to the man who still prefers Shanks, his nag, the scene on the racecourse was strikingly picturesque. For the Glasgow sky was at its clearest; so that when the sun shone out upon the vast amphitheatre—black with 30,000 spectators—in the midst of which was the gleaming red track and the green sward dotted with kilted bandmen, the eye was abundantly satisfied and the mind stirred to expect great deeds.

Yet these expectations, at first, were curiously falsified. For when the competitors get into line and the starting-pistol cracks, the spectator naturally expected to see them spin off round the track. But no; they crawled off with slow, wobbling, hesitating movement, each man watching his neighbour with alert side-long glance. Sometimes, indeed, they seemed to stop altogether, and always they crept along, climbing the steep sides of the track to lengthen the journey, and playing a game which would lead a novice to believe that the last man across the tape was to be the winner. It was only a little game, however, to secure position; and although the spectators did not like it and howled their disapproval, the snail-pace continued—until a bell rang to warn the competitors that they had reached the last lap. Then there was instant change; the racers laid themselves down to the work and pedalled furiously, skirmished and shuffled and bored to get position on the inside edge of the track, and came flying round to the winning-point at the speed of an express train. They had covered a mile in something over six minutes! Whereupon the disgusted spectators declared that an active man could almost have walked the distance in that time.

Not always, however, were the heats ridden in this tricky style. Sometimes a plucky competitor would spurt right from the starting-point and compel his following to finish their mile inside of two minutes; but for the most part, heat after heat, the shuffling, wobbling, snail-pacing business was continued. For all these cyclists—French, British, Danes, Germans, Canadians, and the dwellers in Australasia—seem to have learnt the loafing trick in the same school. It is to be supposed that the competitors know their own business best, but to the looker-on it is a sorry exhibition, and it does not always seem to be attended with satisfactory results even to the racers themselves. This is proved by the fact that Arend, the German, who won the mile race for professionals, and Schraeder, the Dane, who won the mile race for amateurs, both ran in quick style from start to finish. But in any case, the loafing-along business is not a fair test of speed and endurance, for a mile race is not a mile race when all the running is done in the last few hundred yards. A time limit is urgently needed—that would squash the snails and all their tricks.

The most important, and certainly the most popular, race during the three days that the meeting lasted was the one which decided the long-distance championship of the world. The distance was 100 kilometres (62 miles), and the three competitors who came to the scratch—Chase, Stocks and Armstrong—were all well-

known Englishmen. This was a real race; and although it lasted for two hours and ten minutes the interest never flagged for a moment. Each of the competitors was led by a team of pacers, and when all the pacers were whirling their men along at the rate of one mile in two minutes the scene on the track was exceedingly picturesque and exciting. The favourite competitor was Chase, and as his pacers made an unlucky spill early in the race (which cost their man about a lap) his plucky efforts to win were watched with sympathetic eagerness. For at the finish the real tussle was between Stocks and Chase; and although the former won with a good margin, yet most of the spectators were of the opinion that the best man had lost. Chase was unlucky—which is only to say that his pacers and trainers were not so alert, speedy and well organized as those of his opponent. It was pitiful to hear him crying out to his trainer, "I am starving, I am starving; why don't you give me something to eat?"

Which cry seems to suggest that this long-distance racing with pacers has in it a large element of cruelty. Why use pacers? Why not let the men run the race in their own time? This plan might not yield such a good advertisement to the cycle manufacturers who supply the pacing teams, but it would assuredly give a more satisfactory result in testing the racing merits of the competitors.

MR. FRITH AND MADOX BROWN.

A WRITER in this paper has recently taken me to task for being "unable to distinguish in kind between the work of Madox Brown and the work of Mr. Frith"; and he remarks that this is like being unable to distinguish between Blake and Fuseli. What I said exactly was that Mr. Holman Hunt and Madox Brown had at bottom less in common with Rossetti than with Mr. Frith. My point was that Rossetti is no derivative of Madox Brown, and if I may use my critic's parallel in what seems to me an apter way, I think that Madox Brown, in the section of his work that invites comparison, plays Fuseli to the Blake of Rossetti. On the other side of his work, that of the realistic observer and humorous dramatist, no comparison is possible, because that is hardly Rossetti's kind. But a comparison is possible with Mr. Frith, because that is the field of Mr. Frith's art, and, superficial differences notwithstanding (no one is likely to confound them as people confounded Blake and Fuseli, Rossetti and Holman Hunt), there is a common element in their picture-making of a fundamental sort. I mean that the picture is to neither a first-hand mode of feeling or direct language. The figures in "Work," like the figures in the "Derby Day," are tied together by a thought; they cohere as illustrations strung upon an outside idea; they do not cohere as figures born of an act of vision and emotion. My critic goes on to develop this very difference—the difference between the illustrators in painting and the poets or creators like Giorgione. As he says, Mr. Frith is an illustrator for whom the Derby Day is an interesting national event, and who sets about collecting little figures and groups to illustrate the scene. My critic does not claim for Madox Brown a place among the creators or poets, but gives him a place somewhere between them and the illustrators. Now I venture to think that the kind of mind that puts together a picture like "Work" is the illustrator mind. It is a mind that differs from Mr. Frith's in gravity, intensity, humanity, to a remarkable degree; but the process of picture-building does not differ in kind. We may put Madox Brown very near the fence within which are the great creators who feel and express directly by way of picture-making, and affect us accordingly; and we may put, must put, Mr. Frith at a considerable distance from that fence. But both are outside, and Rossetti, for all that his art is hampered and trammelled by one defect and another, is inside.

I can understand the view of the critic I have been dealing with, and though he resented my reference to Mr. Frith, we do not appear to differ hugely in our estimate of Madox Brown; another writer on the same subject fills me with perplexity. My neighbour in these

columns, G. B. S., when he makes excursions into the field of painting, will have nothing short of the highest honours for Madox Brown. But these excursions are characterized by what I may perhaps be permitted to call a certain absence of mind. After hammering away, to the brilliant effect we know, to establish the superiority of the ironic realism of Ibsen to the would-be romance of various dramatic nobodies, G. B. S. appears, when he turns his eye aside to the other arts, to demand that they should supply him with the same situation, with examples as notable of the realistic champion destroying the romantic sham. His exposition runs so logical, so symmetrical and withal so witty that so long as no names are mentioned I am carried along in grateful acquiescence, ready to deliver over all the dramatic dummies with zest to the utmost rigour of the law. But when G. B. S. pitches upon Wagner as the corresponding musical champion of realism against romance, I rub my eyes. And when the cruel symmetry of his state of mind, too long on the stretch before the debased spectacle of the footlights, turns upon painting, I am fairly bewildered. Here it appears that all manner of romantic ancients have "gone down" before the modern realist. Delacroix has "gone down before John Maris, Von Uhde, and the 'impressionists' and realists whose work led up to them." This is too haphazard a spattering of names for the most complaisant reader to swallow. G. B. S. has had to invent one painter, fetch a respectable illustrator out of modest obscurity, and fling in the vague realists and "impressionists" as a make-weight. Among the various Marises there is no one of the name of John. Matthys Maris, the most notable of his name, is as dreamy a romantic as ever painted. Goodall, perhaps, or Pickersgill might "go down" before Von Uhde—but Delacroix! Then "Salvator Rosa, the romantic painter, went down before the preaching of Ruskin." At this point I gravely suspect that even G. B. S.'s audacity shied. He ought to have said "Claude went down," but he knew better, and cast about for a painter he might heave a brick at without anybody minding. Even Salvator Rosa, he will find, if he cares to inquire, is little the worse for all the preaching.

But G. B. S., after all this destruction of idols, was still in search of his champion modern, and Madox Brown had to be hustled into the post. Two features of his painting seem to have made him a plausible occupant. One is certain touches of ironic comedy in dealing with a romantic situation. On this it may be said that, even when you have shown that a painter is not silly as a dramatist, you have gone but a short way to prove him supreme as a painter. But then, again, there is his realistic study of effect. And here, if I follow rightly the agile movements of G. B. S.'s brain, he drew breath and asked himself whether, after all, there was no ancient who was a bit of a realist. And forthwith a terrible shadow fell across the triumph of the modern with the name of Rembrandt. Here was a realist who, though he lived like Shakspeare in the backward of time, did not compromise with the beauty of life by a weak prettifying; who moreover wrestled with and flung the real at an exalted pitch that leaves Madox Brown merely trafficking with the odd. That Rabbi's face in the National Gallery! Those heads of world-acquainted old men and women! The "Supper at Emmaus" compared with the "Washing of Peter's Feet"! But G. B. S. was equal to the occasion, and glided on with no slightest confession of a hitch, Rembrandt was bound to Madox Brown's car and carried along in the triumph as but a half-and-half realist, after all. For why? He painted cabbages golden and Madox Brown painted them green. He was no realist in colour, because he painted people in a golden light, not the light of common day. I have never been able to understand why the light of morning or of evening, which is golden, is less real than that of midday, which is greyer. Nor in what sense it is more real to paint a man out of doors instead of inside the walls of a room. Madox Brown's navy in the sunlight is a remarkable study of effect and of character, surpassed, it appears to me, in both respects and in intense fanatical detail, by Holman Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd"; but when all is said, Rembrandt was not merely a stage passed through by

Madox Brown on his way to the summits of painting. Rembrandt was a mountain that this Hogarthian went round in his youth on his way to wanderings through Holman Hunt and Rossetti.

It has been Mr. Frith's fortune to act as butt to all the critics, sometimes by way of applauding pictures much less worthy of respect than his own. At this time of day, and now that the "Derby Day" is removed from ruinous comparisons at the National Gallery to the more reasonable standards of Mr. Tate's, the critics ought to look at it again, and see how much there is to be said for it compared with the work of later painters who attempt the same kind of thing. Let them compare the dainty workmanship, the silvery colour, the good breeding of the paint with the Chantrey pictures of Messrs. Bramley and Stanhope Forbes. Between the cheery, rosy rounded views of Mr. Frith and the low-spirited, black, flaky world of the others there may not be an immense deal to choose if we measure by approach to truth-telling; but Mr. Frith's is much the better painting. It is affiliated to the painting of Wilkie, a painting with a very respectable parentage; it is a painting from which a later painter, Mr. Henry Tonks, does very well to take his lesson when he deals with Broadstairs sands, or children's games, or ladies in dainty dresses. The defect of the picture is a mental one, that general contagion or bath of sentimentality that obscured so much second-rate artistic talent in the Victorian time and affected even the greater men like Tennyson. It is on record that the Prince Consort helped Mr. Frith to finish the "Derby Day," and it remains the masterpiece of a philistine climax; the rosy fat temper of the time is printed all over the picture, shirking character and obliterating half the fun. As compared with this temper, the spirit of Madox Brown takes us back to life, if you like, but not to great painting, which is a very special pleasure or awe or rapture to be got out of life, as special as music.

D. S. M.

"WANTED: AN ELIGIBLE PRINCE."

YOUNG as she is, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands is intelligent, and as she belongs to an honest stock, at any rate on the mother's side, she does not mean to open the door to scandal by marrying a man who from the very outset is distasteful to her. Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar is plain and unprepossessing. To borrow the phrase of Madame de Staël to Curran, "he carries a man's privilege of being ugly a little too far." In addition to this, he is reported to be shy and retiring, although likewise reported to be exceedingly amiable and good-natured. But the young Princess will have none of him. She reminds one of the somewhat recalcitrant widow in *Vicomte Joseph de Ségur's* "Histoire d'une Epingle"—with whom we would not otherwise compare her. The would-be husband was an honest but not particularly fascinating man. "I have not the time to respect you," said the coquette; "matters would be simplified if you could manage to please me; we should get along more quickly." In vain the suitor pleaded his sterling qualities. "Yes, yes, that is all very well," she replied; "and frankly I am exceedingly sorry for you; but honesty without gracefulness and unaccompanied by a spice of the devil is only fit for home consumption, for use in the family circle." This is how matters stand, and but for the fact of the Princess's extreme youth there would seem to be a deadlock, seeing that eligible princes to mate with her are by no means plentiful. Her future consort must decidedly be a Protestant prince. Holland has suffered too much in the past from Catholic persecution ever to risk the union of her sovereign with a member of that faith. The choice, then, is practically limited to German, Danish, Swedish, or English princes. But will the German Emperor—who must decidedly be reckoned with at this juncture—be prepared to let a prince of any of these nations step in? In the next war, whether it be remote or near, navies will probably play a part such as they have not played since the end of the last century, and it needs no politician to see the value of Holland, with her seaboard, under such conditions. In virtue of this same value, will France and England, but especially the former, submit to see a German prince,

perhaps a member of the mediatized houses, become the natural and irremovable adviser of the young sovereign? Thus far the questions that cannot fail to present themselves to the minds of those rulers and nations who are bound to take contingencies into consideration. But there is another aspect of the affair which must not be overlooked—namely, that ever since 1702, the Kings of Prussia have borne the title of Prince of Orange, which is rightfully theirs by lineal inheritance from Princess Louise, the last heiress of the House of Orange, after the death of William III. of England without issue. This inheritance, therefore, constitutes at the same time a claim to the Dutch throne, which until now has been held in abeyance, but which might be advanced in the event of Wilhelmina's dying either single, or married but childless. The matter is a very complicated one that cannot be treated in a few lines; but one thing is certain—the claim, though held in abeyance, has not been abandoned. At William I.'s death, nine years ago, the semi-official organs of the German Government took care to remind the world of it. Queen Wilhelmina is fully aware of this, and though she declines the first Prince chosen for her, we must remember "qu'il y a plus d'un âne qui s'appelle Martin." The next may meet with better luck. But it is significant of the end of the nineteenth century that royal maidens claim equality with their humblest sisters in the disposal of themselves for better, for worse, until death do them part from their spouses. What Europe wants at present is "An Eligible Prince."

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

MONEY MATTERS.

IN the Stock Exchange this week the centre of attraction has been the Kaffir Market, interest in other departments having waned as attention to the all-engrossing African shares increased. Arriving fresh from a three days' holiday on Tuesday morning, brokers in many cases found themselves almost loaded with buying orders from country clients. The market immediately commenced to boom, and quite a number of the less important shares, the existence of many of which had been almost forgotten by members, began to make their appearance. The aspect of the market was in every way gratifying, for the rise was supported by genuine outside investment buying, whilst usually after a prolonged holiday at least two days of dull or lifeless markets are looked for. The healthy active tone was on the whole well maintained during the following days, with one or two periods of relaxation, which however did not last long. Members were in the best of spirits, and a good time for Kaffirs is anticipated. Perhaps the most noteworthy advance was scored by Modderfonteins, which were quoted on Thursday at 4½, a gain of 1½; Rand Mines rose 1½ to 31½, Robinson ½ to 8½, and Ferreiras ½ to 20½. Chartered at 4, Goldfields at 5½, and Goldfields Deep at 9½, all showed advances during the week.

A good deal of attention was paid to the East Rand group. Apart from the Angelo crushing, which favourably affected these shares, it was whispered that the East Rand Company had some important schemes in hand, one of which is to develop the large claim area to the south of the Company's outcrop mines. The new Company, it was said, will be called the East Rand Deep. Since last week East Rands have advanced ½ at 5½, Angelos ½ at 5½, Driefonteins ½ at 3½, and New Comets ½ at 3. Altogether, the position of the South African Mining Market has improved wonderfully since Mr. Chamberlain's speech during the Rhodes debate in the Commons. The English public is buying. Paris, which was reported to have had a life-surfeit of Kaffir shares, is once more coming in, and the big houses are substantially supporting the market.

Very different has been the state of affairs in the Westralian Market. A large number of members deserted Kangaroos on Tuesday and devoted their attention to Kaffirs, with which they have remained. Dealings in consequence have been few and spasmodic, and although the market has remained steady there have been no changes worthy of note.

As regards other departments of the Stock Exchange, Consols have remained firm. Prices in the Home Railway department were maintained until the announcement of the Great Western half-yearly dividend on Thursday at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which was the same as last year, with a reduction of £8,300 in the amount to be carried forward. Westerns promptly fell $2\frac{1}{2}$, to $175\frac{1}{2}$, and others among the heavy brigade sympathized with declines of about $\frac{1}{4}$. Yankee Rails have been unsteady. Canadian Pacifics supplied a feature in the House, the price at one time having advanced to over $74\frac{1}{2}$, but the excitement over the Klondyke discoveries soon wore off, and the stock has since been declining. The Foreign Market has been uninteresting. A disappointing dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. by the Allsopp Company sent the Ordinary stock down to 161.

During the past week there has been a considerable influx of gold from abroad, but in spite of this the Bank of England return showed a decrease of £632,154 in the stock of bullion, and the reserve had fallen to £1,161,634. The proportion of "reserve" to "liabilities," however, only declined about 1 per cent., to 49.9 per cent., this result being due to the fact that Government deposits were £456,714 less, whilst "other" deposits had been reduced by £902,661.

The dividend declared by Arthur Guinness & Co., Limited, for 1896-97 is looked upon as very satisfactory. Sixteen per cent. with 2 per cent. bonus compares with 16 per cent. minus the bonus last year. The sum carried forward, £44,300, compares with £26,554 last year. The only items which show any falling off are the amounts placed to reserve and depreciation; but as both these funds have already attained to huge proportions, these declines are of no importance.

The meeting of the Nitrate Railway shareholders is over, and we are still left wondering what will be the outcome of the prolonged squabble between certain of the proprietors and the present Board. The Directors may congratulate themselves on having scored substantially so far as the meeting is concerned—a victory due chiefly to the oppressive weather and the eloquence of Mr. Robert Harvey, who almost flabbergasted his audience with an astonishing flow of technical terms and facts of which they, poor things, were supremely ignorant. On Tuesday next a poll is to be held, and, although the voting power of the Committee of investigation should ensure them an easy victory, it is quite possible that, owing to lack of proper combination on the part of their opponents, the Board may win the day.

The proposal of the investigating Committee is that, while certain directors who possess an invaluable technical knowledge and influence, should retain their seats on the Board, others should make way for new blood. The Directors stand shoulder to shoulder and threaten to resign in a body rather than lose any individual members. As a sort of compromise they offered to accept an increase in their membership to twelve. Such a suggestion is obviously inadequate and ridiculous. The new members, in a hopeless minority, would be practically impotent. The conduct of the Board at the present juncture is characteristic in its obstinacy and weakness. People are getting heartily sick of these Nitrate squabbles, and the sooner the whole business is settled the better. It rests with the shareholders to do this by combination, decision and energy.

At the present moment we are in the midst of quite a little rush of Klondyke Companies, but from all we hear this is nothing to the flotations that may be expected towards the latter part of the autumn. It is sincerely to be hoped that the public will depart from its usual custom and exercise some little discretion before parting with money on the reports of ignorant prospectors and the artful appeals of unscrupulous promoters. Already several gentlemen of the latter class are hunting the City in search of properties in the "New Eldorado" with a view to unloading on the

light-headed public at an enormous profit. Nor will they have much difficulty in obtaining what they desire, for those acquainted with the district will appreciate the readiness of property holders to sell for a modest sum of money what can be bluffed on to the innocent investor for thousands of pounds. Only last week an article appeared in this journal setting forth the enormous difficulties in the way of emigration to Klondyke Creek, the impossibility of working there under present conditions for more than three months in the year, and the terrible struggle for life that exists even during those three months. Gold there is, no doubt, in Klondyke Valley, but even on that point it should be borne in mind that the authentic reports received so far are extremely vague, and that the extraordinary excitement that is said to exist has been the work, for the most part, of Yankee journals. The Canadian Blue Book of which so much has been made may contain matter that is encouraging, but it is well to note that Mr. Ogilvie speaks with considerable caution and most of his statements are the result of hearsay.

From the investor's point of view the greatest caution must be used. Even should the district be paved with gold, it would be imbecility to rush into half the enterprises that are being prepared for the gullible. We have before us the terrible experience of Western Australia, where gold undoubtedly exists in profitably paying quantities, where the industry has received most invaluable assistance from an enterprising and sympathetic Government, and where the difficulties of development were nothing as compared with those at Klondyke. Yet at least 60 per cent. of those who were in the first Westralian investment rush lost their money. A large number of the properties purchased proved absolutely without value, whilst others were either quite unworkable or not worth developing.

Among those that still exist many have undergone reconstruction, which in most cases means that the shareholders see their original subscriptions melt into thin air, and are called upon to draw further on their resources. Others are still labouring under over-capitalization. Westralia commenced life with many more advantages than Klondyke Valley can ever hope to possess. In the former country there is room for the few mining and prospecting companies that are prospering. In Klondyke Valley there is also perhaps room for some, but only the soundest finance, the most respectable directorship and unquestionably honest reports should attract the prospective investor.

The shares of the old Hudson's Bay Company have attracted some interest during the last week or so, the reason being the all-influential Klondyke gold rush. During the last few days there has been an advance of fully two points, the present price being a little under £18.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND NEW FIND.

The biggest of the Canadian mining ventures this week is the British Columbia and New Find Goldfields Corporation, Limited, which is being floated with a capital of £500,000 in £1 shares. In addition to the London Board there are local directors, including the Premier and Minister of Finance of British Columbia and other high officials in the Colony. Although the Company has the option of an interest in the expedition sent up to Klondyke by the Yukon Goldfields, Limited, its sphere includes all British Columbia and elsewhere. The Corporation has an understanding to work in conjunction with the London and British Columbian Goldfields, Limited, whose operations have, according to the prospectus, been most successful. Amongst others, it owns the Ymir group of mines, the rich development of which has lately caused so great a stir in the district, and a large interest in the well-known Ruth Mine, which is now making profits of over £4,000 a month. A leading object of the Company will be to get good British Columbian mining shares better known on the London market. The present issue consists of 100,000 Ordinary shares.

KLONDYKE PIONEER SYNDICATE.

In view of the statements that have already appeared in this journal regarding the enormous difficulties of exploring the Klondyke district, it seems astonishing that any one should have the impudence to ask subscriptions to an enterprise like the Klondyke Pioneer Syndicate, Limited. Here, at least, we cannot complain of over-capitalization. The sum asked is £25,000, and £15,000 of this is divided into Ordinary £1 shares, whilst the remainder is composed of Deferred shares of £1 each. The prospectus is practically a statement that Klondyke is an excellent place with plenty of gold, that Mr. Ogilvie has said very kind things about the district, and that Mr. Coleman, managing director of the Klondyke Pioneer Syndicate, is a very experienced gentleman who knows quite a lot about Cripple Creek and the Rocky Mountains. As the syndicate is not purchasing anything in particular, but is merely an "exploring and finance company," the appeal for subscriptions amounts to an invitation to entrust your money to the safe-keeping of the directorate.

KLONDYKE YUKON EXPLORING.

Another issue in some respects resembling the Klondyke Pioneer is the Yukon Exploring Syndicate, Limited, which is also being floated with a capital of £25,000. Here again we must repeat our objection to inadequately capitalized concerns attempting to explore one of the most difficult, dangerous, and expensive gold districts ever discovered. This is another case of being invited by a board of directors to entrust them with money for inadequately defined purposes. Prominent among these directors is Mr. E. T. Read, who already directs about eighteen companies, none of which, unfortunately, have proved sufficiently successful to inspire the confidence necessary when a man is about to invest his money in the dark. Another director, Mr. W. J. Pattison, is also on the board of some nine other second-class mining concerns.

KLONDYKE AND COLUMBIAN.

The Klondyke and Columbian Goldfields, Limited (British Columbia), is a more satisfactory enterprise than the two foregoing. It has a capital of £100,000 in 95,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, and 5,000 Deferred shares of £1 each. The Board of Directors is stronger than in the case of either of the two preceding companies, especially the Canadian members of it. At the same time investors would do well to realize that the enterprise is purely prospective, and that the shares will be more worthy of attention when the Company has "done something."

EXPLOITERS AND INVESTORS TRUST.

Among others who are taking advantage of the Klondyke craze we note that the Exploiters and Investors Trust are unloading some of their unissued capital to the extent of 17,500 £1 shares. We can scarcely believe that they have caught the investing public in a right frame of mind.

PORT TALBOT DOCK.

An important Cardiff flotation is announced by the prospectus of the Port Talbot Graving Dock and Shipping Company, Limited. The capital is £70,000 in shares of £10 each, and the object of the enterprise is to construct and work a graving dock, ship-building, and engineering establishment in connexion with the new wet docks and railways now rapidly approaching completion in Port Talbot, South Wales. An important point is that the vendors guarantee 4 per cent. per annum on the shares till the graving dock is open, should the trading of the Company in the meanwhile not yield that amount. The price to be paid for the lease, graving dock, buildings, and plant has been fixed by the Port Talbot Syndicate, Limited, the vendors, at £110,000. The whole of the shares are offered for subscription, and it is stated that the Company intends to raise £50,000 by an issue of Four-and-a-half per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures, secured by a first mortgage to trustees and by a floating charge on the general undertaking of the Company.

RESONATOR COMPANY.

The Resonator Company has been formed to acquire and develop the business in the manufacture and sale of pianoforte regulators hitherto carried on by the Piano Resonator Company (Daniel Meyer Patent), Limited. The assets include patent rights for nearly all the Continental countries and Colonies. The capital is £90,000 in shares of £1 each. The purchase consideration for all the patents and rights and properties is to be the sum of £70,000, payable as to £40,000 in cash and £30,000 in fully paid up shares. The present issue is of 50,000 shares, of which 10,000 will be for the provision of working capital. Ten thousand shares are to be held in reserve, to be issued as necessary for future development.

RAILWAY SHARE TRUST AND AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Applications are invited by the Railway Share Trust and Agency Company, Limited, for an issue of 20,000 Six per cent. cumulative Preference shares, of £5 each, of the new General Traction Company, Limited. The Company was formed in March 1896, for the purpose, *inter alia*, of installing systems of traction for light railways, tramways, and street railways either by applying electric or other power to existing systems or by assisting in the promotion of new schemes. The capital of the Company is £270,000, divided into 30,000 Six per cent. cumulative Preference shares and 24,000 Ordinary shares of £5 each. The object of the present issue is to carry out an extension of the tramway system at Coventry and to construct tramways at Norwich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BEST SCENERY I KNOW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 July, 1897.

SIR,—I am unable to reply to your inquiry on "The Best Scenery I know."

A week or two ago I was looking at the inexorable faces of the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn; a few days later at the Lake of Geneva with all its soft associations. But which is "best" of things that do not compare at all, and hence cannot be reduced to a common denomination? At any given moment we like best what best meets the mood of that moment.

Not to be entirely negative, however, I may say that, in my own neighbourhood, the following scenes rarely or never fail to delight beholders:—

1. View from Castle Hill, Shaftesbury.
2. View from Pilsdon Pen.
3. New Forest vistas near Brockenhurst.
4. The river Dart.
5. The coast from Trebarwith Strand to Beeny Cliff, Cornwall.—Yours truly,

THOMAS HARDY.

THE ART OF FLYING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

EALING, W., 28 July, 1897.

SIR,—I have just read Captain E. Baden Powell's somewhat sanguine letter in the "Saturday Review" of 24th July; and, as I recently touched upon the subject of human flying in a light article contributed to your contemporary "Hearth and Home," perhaps a point or two therefrom might be appreciated by such of your readers as are interested in the "Art of Flying," which is, once again, "in the air" so to speak.

It is unnecessary to point out how from time immemorial men have aspired to fly, but it is only now and again that such aspiration ever bids to become more than a mere flight of the imagination. Without going into ancient history, it may be well to remind the more aerial enthusiasts that for more than two hundred years man has always been *going* to but never *does* fly, notwithstanding the most sanguine prophecy of very scientific men. For instance, the well-known Bishop Wilkins, who lived 1614 to 1672, and who was, I believe, the first president of the Royal Society, was so

confident that men would shortly fly that he emphatically asserted that "in the next age it would be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey as it now is to call for his boots." But alas, for even right reverend prophecy! The "next age" has long since gone, and probably we are no nearer flying now than we were two hundred years ago!

I venture to think that Captain Baden Powell's letter is something akin to a letter published in the witty "Guardian" of 20 July, 1713. The letter there printed is prefaced by editorial remarks criticizing the over-confident hopes of flying indulged in by philosophers and scientific men of "King Charles his reign," at which time we are told virtuosos were so certain of flying that the mere question of the ability to fly no longer concerned them, and their only anxiety was as to the want of posting houses or inns in the air. It was stated, however, that this difficulty was being met by a certain lady (probably a speculative builder of those times) who was already busy building castles in the air suitable for high-flying excursionists of quality.

Perhaps you can spare me space to give a few extracts from the flying inventor's letter to "Mr. Ironside" of the "Guardian."

He writes:—... "I have made considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey cock... Upon the next Thanksgiving-day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet Street, and pitch upon the Maypole in the Strand... This I doubt not will convince the world I am no pretender."

Well, this was written in 1713, and yet in 1897 the public still await the long-promised flying of man. Surely it cannot be that Mr. Maxim, and other inventors with flying machines up their sleeves, can have taken umbrage and hold back because we no longer have a Maypole in the Strand for them to "pitch upon," for we know, as a matter of fact, that most flying men have found it easier to pitch upon their own poles than to steer for any particular goal. So the patient but tired world must perforce still wait, perhaps for a few more centuries, and meanwhile scoff mildly just to shame inventors to greater efforts. Of course the inventors will resent this, as they ever have done, and I should not be in the least surprised if Captain Baden Powell concludes his next letter to you in the same tone as the irate correspondent concluded his letter to the "Guardian" in 1713, thus:—

"You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds, for which reason when I talk of practising to fly, silly people think me an owl for my pains—but, sir, you know better things."

In the face of so sweet a sop to editorial vanity I very much doubt, sir, if you could be so brutal as to reply in the words of the redoubtable "Mr. Ironside" of the "Guardian." For this was his heartless response:—

"I have fully considered the project of these our modern Dædalists, and am resolved so far to discourage it as to prevent any person from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give such occasions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You should have a couple of lovers make a midnight assignation upon the top of the monument, and see the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both sexes like the outside of a pigeon-house... There would be no walking in a shady wood without springing a covey of tofts... If he were jealous the poor husband might clip his wife's wings, but what would this avail?... What concern would a father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing! Every heiress must have an old woman flying at her heels..."

And so on until at last the editorial onslaught concludes with the unkindest cut of all:—

"I have here only considered the ill consequences of this invention... I have many more objections to make... but these I shall defer publishing till I see my friend astride the dragon."

Such then was the way the editor of the "Guardian" wrote *re* the "Art of Flying" in 1713. True, we still live in a doubting age, and even yet some people may call "flying men" owls for their pains—"but, sir, you know better things!" only probably you will not speak until the flying man is "astride the dragon"?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
F. C. HUDDLE.

OUR CRIMINAL SYSTEM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 July, 1897.

SIR,—In your editorial upon this correspondence last week you refer to my complaint against the "system," and add that this is not what you complain of. As a matter of fact, it is just what you—very properly—do complain of. Ten lines lower down you say:—"We cannot too often repeat that sentences ought not to depend on the prejudices, the temper, or the digestion of one man... the measure of punishment *ought* to be decided, &c." Also, on page 119, you—again, if I may so, very properly—publish an able review entitled "Our Monstrous Criminal System."

It is like a lawyer, perhaps, to make a point out of such a small inconsistency. Really, we are both asking for the same reform. No doubt, the judges themselves might do much to soften the painful contrasts between leniency and severity which we witness with sorrow year after year in our Criminal Courts. But until you find fifteen men of absolutely equal temperaments, who agree upon the standard by which each, when acting alone, is to apportion the punishment to the degree of moral guilt in the criminal, you must provide them with a system which prevents them from giving effect to their peculiar fads or views in the administration of it. Perhaps such a system is an impossible ideal. But almost all who know the facts and trouble to face them agree that there are many ways by which we can approach much nearer to it than we are at present. Sooner or later one of these will appear the best. Even then, it will require the energy and the perseverance of a Romilly or a Bethell to force it into law. I hope you will always continue, risking the wrath of Mr. Birrell, to lend your powerful aid.—Yours faithfully,

BARRISTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

79A GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C., 31 July, 1897.

SIR,—May I as one of the Committee of the Humanitarian League's new department for Criminal Law and Prison Reform ask leave to say a few words on the subject of a Court of Criminal Appeal?

Judges and barristers are, no doubt, the most competent persons for framing the proper machinery for carrying out the intentions of the public with regard to criminal appeals. But it is not for them to force their own views on the public. The public can, and ought to, form an opinion of its own as to the objects to be pursued. No one knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it. It is not the judges or the barristers who suffer by wrongful convictions or excessive sentences, but the public.

Lord Russell's experience in unsuccessfully defending a prisoner whom he believed to be innocent, and then unsuccessfully pleading for her release for more than seven years, in season and out of season, is, I believe, unique, and has never occurred to an English judge born in England. No matter what one's opinion on the Maybrick case may be, there should have been another trial—that is clear enough, if the facts were as "Lex" states them in his recent pamphlet, of which you give a review. The judges and barristers as a rule are fairly satisfied with the present state of things because its defects do not injure them. The Home Secretary always treats the opinion of the judge who has tried the case with great—too great—deference; and influence has so much weight at the Home Office that a leader at the Bar can usually effect his object, unless influence is used on the other side also, which is no doubt the explanation of Lord Russell's ill success. If the decision against him turned on the merits of the case, the Home Secretary would not be so anxious to

keep back all the details from the public and would make a serious effort to fulfil his promise of doing his best to "elucidate" it.

That the Home Office is not an efficient machinery for remedying wrongful convictions and excessive sentences as they arise must, I think, be admitted, and it is the duty of the public to insist that an efficient machinery shall be provided for the purpose. If the judges tell us that in their opinion any proposed machinery will prove efficient, let us accept it. But if they tell us that miscarriages of justice occur so seldom that an inefficient machinery will answer the purpose, or that the creation of an efficient machinery would lead to a vast number of frivolous applications, the public should not listen to them. We spend a great deal of money and labour in bringing criminals to justice. Why not spend a good deal of money and labour also in rendering that justice complete? It is better that twenty guilty persons should escape rather than that one innocent person should be punished. Then why not spend (if necessary) as much money and labour in freeing one innocent convict as in convicting twenty guilty ones?

It is not for judges or barristers to dictate to the public the ends to be aimed at in a criminal appeal Bill. They should confine their attention to improving the efficiency of the proposed methods. This, however, could perhaps be best done by rules of court if the new tribunal had extensive powers of framing them. Rules of procedure at all events ought not to be prescribed by statute.—I am, yours faithfully, JOSEPH COLLINSON.

MORE ABOUT THE SEPOY REVOLT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 July, 1897.

SIR,—Referring to Lieut.-General McLeod Innes's letter in to-day's "Saturday," headed "Sepoy Revolt," will you permit me to make a few observations? The General says, "Nowhere that I can find do the pages of Mr. Forrest's volume or the Blue-books contain any evidence that impure cartridges were ever made up, much less issued for use [*i.e.* to Bengal Sepoys]. The utmost that seems to me to have been elicited is, that adequate steps had not been taken to make it absolutely impossible that impure ingredients should be used." But compare with this the following words, used by the very same writer, in describing what he chooses to call "the cartridge incident," at pp. 51, 52 of his "Sepoy Revolt," published only the other day:—

"The musket with which the native troops had been heretofore armed was about to be discarded and replaced by a rifle. This rifle required cartridges of a new kind; and these were accordingly being made up in the Government factories near Calcutta. The utmost care had heretofore been customary in avoiding objectionable ingredients; but in the present case the contractor had managed, without detection by the authorities, to introduce, as one of the lubricants, cow's fat, which would have involved contamination to a Hindoo, though perhaps no lard or other material that would have contaminated Mussulmans had been used. One day, however, in January [1857], a factory workman was having a squabble with a Sepoy, and taunted him with the impending loss of all caste throughout the army, as the cartridges they were about to handle contained both hog's lard and cow's fat. As the story was partly correct, and therefore could not be *absolutely* denied, it was believed and adopted in full and circulated swiftly through the army. And thus a chance spark, but a very fiery one, fell upon combustible material and caught at once."

Perhaps it is the General's object in the letter now under notice to correct or modify those passages in his book which refer to "the greased cartridge." But be this as it may, is it not surprising that forty years after the Mutiny the two issues are apparently still undetermined—whether "impure cartridges" were (a) made up in a Government arsenal for the Bengal army; (b) actually served out to Sepoys? Before any further Mutiny literature is created, would it not be well were experts to decide, after an examination of arsenal accounts and other official records, whether cartridges

smeared with the fat of cows and pigs—one or both—were ever issued to Bengal Sepoys. If, as General McLeod Innes's latest view would seem to be, the spark that caused the mischief was no more than a taunt uttered "chaffingly" and apart from substantial foundation by a factory workman to a Sepoy, then it is not without reason that every phase and aspect of contemporary Indian history and politics has been laid under contribution by a host of writers to furnish causes outside of army administration for the sudden defection and suicidal stampede of the East India Company's Bengal army. If, on the contrary, the military authorities of the day, finding it necessary to introduce a new form of cartridge, made themselves responsible for an article such as no Sepoy could use without becoming a renegade and an outcast, then no one whose practical knowledge of India enables him to see things as the Indians see them will care to look for obscure and distant causes of the subsequent catastrophe. It is not as if this question possessed for us no more than an historical importance. Supposing it to be established that the obnoxious cartridge was anything but a "wild conjecture," the egregious blunder of its production would have been impossible but for the system then so prevalent of filling the Staff and the great Departments with officers who knew next to nothing of Sepoys; whose acquaintance with the Indian races came to them principally from their own establishments and from applicants for situations; who saw men and manners through the medium of writings, "as in a glass, darkly"; and whose view of the whole situation tended to become as dense and as contracted as the walls in front of their office desks. So far as the military branch of the Government was concerned, the lessons of the Mutiny doubtless led to a marked change for the better being made in this respect. Not to speak of the safeguard provided in the ripe Eastern qualification and experience of the several successors of Sir Colin Campbell in the chief command of Her Majesty's Indian forces, the Military Secretariat of the Government of India now as a rule fills its vacancies with men of practical knowledge and experience. Judging from the recent deplorable mistake of employing English soldiers to "stamp out"—ominous expression—the plague in Poona, it would appear to be the civil and not the military authorities in India who now run the risk of experiencing the "uses of adversity"; but this view is beside the present subject, and all that it is intended to bring out in this letter is the great importance of exhaustively investigating every circumstance and feature in the development of the "Sepoy Revolt."—Yours faithfully, VETERAN.

"FOR WHAT WE HAVE RECEIVED."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

27 July, 1897.

SIR,—The thanks of all naval officers are due to you for calling attention to the injustice done in Jubilee honours to the first line of defence. The true cause of this neglect may be traced, perhaps, to our ignorance of that backstair influence which too often leads to glory; but when its baneful influence extends to the appointment of those who command our fleets, then a horrible national danger looms in the distance.

If the coming K— wishes to remove this danger which threatens his Crown, let him put down his foot and prevent Court influence (guided by a well-known Admiral, who was always more popular than able as an officer) being used again, as it was lately with the Channel Fleet command. This is playing with edge tools with a vengeance, for if the German threat be carried out—of a war by surprise—our Channel Fleet (which *at first* would be outnumbered) is our only hope, our only guard, against invasion; therefore its chief should be second to none in ability.

Let Court favour be confined to the harmless honours of Admirals of the Fleet, &c., which will not imperil the nation. Verily we want a Minister of Public Defence who will help to put the right man in the right place in command of the Navy and Army, and act as a buffer against interest and intrigue.—Yours, &c.

FLAG OFFICER.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY ON SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Sir Walter Scott." By George Saintsbury. Famous Scots Series. London: Oliphant. 1897.

HOW any writer with the smallest self-respect could put his name on the title-page of such a work as this passes our comprehension. Whether it be regarded from the point of view of composition, of criticism, or of literary information, it is equally incredible that it could have proceeded from a Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in such a University as the University of Edinburgh. We wish to treat Professor Saintsbury with the strictest fairness, and to show that we are not actuated by any mere prejudice against him—though we frankly own he is the most exasperating writer whom it has ever been our ill-fortune to review—we shall take care to adduce the best of all evidence in support of our remarks, the evidence furnished by himself. We will first take the Professor's composition. The following are average specimens, and, it may be added, the first two occur upon the same page:—"And no one can read the Diary without perceiving the strange bitter sweet, at the moment of his greatest calamity, of the fact that Sir William Forbes, who rendered him invaluable service at his greatest need, was his successful rival thirty years before, and the widower of 'Green Mantle.'" Again: "And those who know something of human nature will be disposed to assign the disappearance of the irritableness and ungovernableness precisely to this incident, and to the working of a strong mind, confronted by fate with the question whether it was to be the victim or the master of its own passions, fighting out the battle once for all and thenceforth keeping its house armed against them, it may be with some loss, but certainly with much gain" (p. 15). Again: "In these pieces (the Fairy Essay is said to be based on information partly furnished by Leyden) all the well-known characteristics of Scott's prose style appear—its occasional incorrectness, from the strictly scholastic point of view, as well as its far more than counterbalancing merits of vivid presentation of arrangement, not orderly in appearance but curiously effective in result, of multifarious facts and reading, of the bold pictorial vigour of its narrative, of its pleasant humour, and its incessant variety." Again: "His reviews at this time on Southey's 'Amadis,' on Godwin's 'Chaucer,' on Ellis's 'Specimens' are a little crude and amateurish, especially in the direction (well known, to those who have ever had to do with editing, as a besetting sin of novices) of substituting a mere account of the book, with a few expressions of like and dislike, for a grasped and reasoned criticism of it" (p. 34). These are not passages specially selected, but simply taken at haphazard as fairly typical of the Professor's "style." We confidently appeal to any school inspector in England and ask whether such composition from any Board school would not bring down the condign censure of "the department." And Professor Saintsbury has set up more than once as a martinet on style! Now for a specimen of the Professor's taste and criticism:—"The Monastery" was at its first appearance regarded as a failure; and quite recently a sincere admirer of Scott confided to a fellow in that worship the opinion that 'a good deal of it really is rot, you know.' I venture to differ." "The Bride of Lammermoor" is "a book which, putting the mere fragment of 'The Black Dwarf' aside, is Scott's first approach to failure in prose"! Of the Professor's habit of talking familiarly about books of which it is very plain he knows little or nothing we have more than one amusing illustration. Of Lyly and his "Euphues" he observes that "he eschewed the obvious, the commonplace in thought . . . as passionately as any man ever has eschewed it." If he had turned to "Euphues" he would have seen that the whole work teems with commonplaces ostentatiously accumulated, that they are in truth precisely what Lyly affects, and that their terse and aphoristic expression is one of the leading characteristics of his book. On p. 37 we are informed

that "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was, "except Wordsworth's and Coleridge's"—by which the Professor presumably means the "Lyrical Ballads"—"the first book published which was distinctly and originally characteristic of the new poetry of the nineteenth century." As such ignorance of the very rudiments of the history of English poetry is scarcely possible in a man who has written so much as Professor Saintsbury, we presume that this is one of the many instances of that slovenly carelessness about accuracy in statement with which this volume teems. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared, as the Professor rightly remarks, in 1805. Between 1787 and 1794 appeared Blake's "Songs of Innocence," his "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," and his "Songs of Experience"; in 1798 Landor's "Gebir"; in 1801 Southey's "Thalaba." What works, it may be asked, could be more "distinctly and originally characteristic of the new poetry" than these? What work could be more characteristic of the Romantic Renaissance, of the new poetry, than Scott's own "Minstrelsy," which appeared in its first edition nearly three years before. Of a part with this remark is the prodigious statement referring to Scott's versions from Bürger in 1796, "only Southey had as yet written ballad verses with equal vigour and facility." It is really difficult to deal with a writer who is capable of making such assertions as these. In the first place, Southey had published no ballads at all of the smallest pretension to merit in 1796, his poetical energy was at that time taking quite a different direction. In the second place, has Professor Saintsbury ever heard of Hamilton's "Braes of Yarrow," the author of which died in 1754, of the modern ballads which appeared in such collections as Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," Percy's "Reliques," and the other collections which were published between 1765 and 1796, and can he seriously maintain that Southey only had in 1796 written ballad verses with a facility and vigour equal to Scott's versions from Bürger? Professor Saintsbury is a master of the sort of learning which is so characteristic of the pretentious bookmaker anxious to give, without trouble, an air of erudition to his work, and which simply consists in making bold assertions. Thus, speaking of Coleridge and Scott, he says (p. 40), "The references to Scott's poetry in the 'Table Talk' are almost uniformly disparaging." In the "Table Talk" there is not a single allusion to or remark on Scott's poetry! In a popular account of Sir Walter Scott it might have been expected that some account would have been given of the influences which moulded his genius, of that admirable mother to whom, as he acknowledged, he owed so much, of his early studies and his early surroundings; but of all this scarcely anything is said. A reader would lay this volume down without any clear conception either of what constituted Scott's excellences or defects as a poet, or as a novelist, or as a man. The whole book is a deplorable illustration of Professor Saintsbury's characteristics as a bookmaker, and is nothing more than a slovenly and perfunctory piece of journeyman-work, excusable only in a man writing for his bread against time. But it is not carelessness and slovenliness only that we complain of. Bacon has observed of beauty that the best part of it is that which a painting cannot express; so in a book like this the most objectionable features of it are those which no review dealing merely with positive and tangible blemishes can expose. Its leading and master defects lie in the utter absence of discrimination and insight. With all its immense pretentiousness of assumption it has no distinction. Its judgments are those not merely of the "average man" but of the average Philistine. "For all the works of the Lord in literature, as in other things, let us give thanks"; "a good deal of it really is rot, you know," and the like; these are the things which set one's teeth on edge. There is scarcely a page which does not betray an uneasy anxiety to arrogate an authority and display an erudition to which it is painfully obvious that the writer has no real claim, and, what is more, knows that he has not. The one assumes the cheap form of unnecessary personal intrusion, the other of an equally unnecessary display of affected and irrelevant erudition. Thus the Professor sometimes stops to assure the reader that he has read, or repeatedly read, the work

on which he is passing judgment; sometimes to refer to his own writings, obligingly communicating the date of the publication with other interesting particulars—"three essays on this subject in my 'Essays in English Literature.' Second Series. (London, 1895)"; sometimes to set up his opinions, which are generally coarsely dogmatic, against the opinion of some authoritative critic, and sometimes to enter into autobiographical confidences, generally relative to the extent of his reading. All this would be well enough if the Professor's style and tone had any pretension to charm or any touch of humour; but he has neither. The sooner Professor Saintsbury understands that he is neither a Sainte-Beuve nor a Matthew Arnold, and that when he undertakes a book on Sir Walter Scott or any other great writer, what is needed is a lucid, accurate and adequate account of that writer, and not a farrago of opinions, dogmas and confidences, the better for every one concerned.

"LA CELESTINA."

PART II.

"Celestina," or the Tragic-Comedy of Calisto and Melibea. Englished from the Spanish of Fernando de Rojas (?) by James Mabbe, anno 1631. With an introduction by James Fitzmaurice Kelly. London: Nutt. 1894.

BETTER a millstone round a man's neck than to attempt to translate proverbs; but then most men already wear a necklace round their necks composed of millstones, so I essay that which I know to be impossible. "O miserable man, O miserable heart that cannot suffer good!" "God gives beans to those who have no jaws." "Wages advanced and arms are broken." "Do not go out for wool and return home without a feather." "The day will come in which you will not know yourself in your own looking-glass." "He who rings the bells (fire-alarm) is safe." Thus talking of the Alps and Apennines Celestina runs her course, occasionally moralizing, as when she says: "Riches do not make a man rich, but occupied; not lord but steward; there are more possessed by riches than possessing riches; to many riches bring death, and from all they take away content." A pretty moralizer; but, as the Spanish proverb says, "Often a good drinker wears a bad cloak."

Celestina agrees (for a gold chain) to sound Melibea as to her liking for Calisto; does so, and after some necessary hesitation on the maiden's part she consents to speak with Calisto at night in her own garden. All the time Parmenio, the honest servant, threatens to reveal what he knows of Celestina, and she to stop his mouth makes him acquainted with Areusa, one of her protégées, and by her means (after a scene which yields to none in any literature for knowledge of human folly) Parmenio is gained over and becomes a rogue. Then follows a supper in the house of Celestina, to which Parmenio and Sempronio go, and there meet Areusa and Elicia and one Lucrecia, waiting-woman to Melibea, who comes sent by her mistress to beg from Celestina a certain girdle, sovereign (as girdles are) against pains in the heart and head. At the supper Lucrecia is turned a traitor by the perversions of Celestina, backed by the wiles of Areusa, who contrasts the advantages of her own state against that of a serving-woman, bound to endure all the bad temper of her mistress. Well did the author—Cota, Rojas, Mena, or what his name may be—know that to turn women from the path of virtue another woman is more potent than all the sworn seducers, Don Juans and the rest, born since the flood. Meanwhile, Pleberio and Alisa, the mother and father of Melibea—quite unsuspecting, are in doubt to whom they shall affiancé her.

Then comes the rift within the lute, and virtue, or Nemesis, has its unlooked for innings. Parmenio and Sempronio quarrel with Celestina as to the division of the gold chain; they kill her, and she makes a (relatively) good ending. Justice comes on the scene, too late of course to stop the crime, but then and there incontinently puts Parmenio and Sempronio to death, with as few ceremonies and scant delay as if the scene

had taken place in Texas, and the two criminals had both been horse thieves; or at Peralvillo, where the custom was first to execute and then to justify the execution.

Shorn of their lovers, Elicia and Areusa hire a cowardly swashbuckler called Centurio, first cousin to Marlowe's Piliaborsa, to kill Calisto, whom they consider somehow responsible for the execution of his roguish serving-men. Centurio consents, and being a coward, having consented, plans a scheme to frighten not to assassinate Calisto. Hearing that at a certain time Calisto is to be in Melibea's garden, he sounds an alarm under the garden wall, and then pretends to fight with one of Calisto's servants. Calisto rushes to the ladder, falls and is killed. Melibea despairing, ascends a tower which overlooks the sea, speaks to her father at the bottom, confesses all her faults, asks his forgiveness and her mother's, and exclaiming: "Receive, my father, the reward of thine old age, for in long years many ills are suffered!" precipitates herself and ends her life. The book concludes with a long dissertation by Pleberio to his wife, not very much unlike the story of Melibea in the "Canterbury Tales," in which, after rehearsing all the sad cases of antiquity, as Sappho, Ariadne, Leander, Clytemnestra, Helen, and the like, he breaks out with a lament such as is easy to imagine in the mouth of any broken-down Castilian, hurt in his honour, wounded in his pride, and left alone without a hope (in his own words), to wander "in hac valle lacrimarum."

Although the "Celestina" has been translated frequently into most European languages, it is still nearly an unknown book in England; that is to say, to the great Kailyard-buying public, who rule the national taste, praise and condemn an author as they do a politician, merely because they think his private life is such as to commend itself to the secret voting of a company of greengrocers, and estimate a book simply as five or ten or fifteen shillings worth of entertainment.

Hurtado de Mendoza, with Kaspar Barth and Marot and others to whom Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly refers in his interesting and scholarly preface, all praise the book, therefore it seems that editor, writer of introduction, and publisher alike have done a service to the British public in reintroducing in the Tudor Translation series the "Celestina," perhaps the most important *étude de mœurs* of any modern language. Each has performed his part quite in an admirable way; the paper, type, and general get-up being of a kind that Cota, Rojas, or Ignoto could not have dreamed of. Whether considered as a translation or as a work of art, the English rendering of the "Celestina," done into English by James Mabbe, and given to light in 1631, stands as the most important in an artistic sense of all the Tudor Translations of the Spanish Classics which have yet been issued. James Mabbe, unluckily for him, issued his book just at the commencement of the Civil War; the minds of men being filled with ravelins, with counterscarps, with embrasures, hand-grenades, with plans "to line the hedges all with match"; cavalry evolutions, "Eikon Basilike"—the Divine Right of Kings, Fifth Monarchy, with Oceana, Ironsides, the Great Remonstrance, and other trifles best left unconsidered, the venture proved unlucky. The Elizabethan leaven had almost fermented out, Charles had no time, and when he read most probably solaced himself with "gentlemanlike" books, treatises on king-craft, points of theology, with an occasional glance at Machiavelli, a High Church poet now and then, and catalogues of pictures to be sold in Italy. My Lord Protector must have read occasionally, or else his favourite game of capping verses would have proved monotonous.

But still the times were not for reading-men, and thus the only English version of perhaps the greatest Spanish book fell stillborn from the press. Not much is known of Mabbe, but that he came of the inevitably "genteel" parents who are endemic amongst Englishmen. His father was a jeweller, and Mabbe himself matriculated at Magdalen in 1586. In 1605 he pronounced an oration before Prince Henry, then entered into orders and began to write. In 1611 he went to Spain as Secretary to the Embassy, and there remained two years. That he knew Spanish well there is no

doubt: Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly finds him tripping but once or twice; and yet those trips seem to my mind more to be laid to Minshew's Dictionary than to James Mabbe's account. Besides the "Celestina," he translated Guzman de Alfarache, the Sermons of Fonseca, and the "Exemplarie Novells" (Novelas Ejemplares) of Cervantes, which achievement Godwin refers to as "the best translation in the English language." It is a good one, but Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly well points out that Mabbe in his translation has omitted four of the finest of the "Novells," and says nothing of Cervantes, whom he must have known either in Valladolid or in Madrid, and whom he styles "one of the wits of Spaine for his rare fancies and wittie inventions." Mabbe's remarks are excellent, his errors few, knowledge of Spanish adequate; but those I leave to the writer of the introduction, as he has said all that seems necessary as to the merits of the work.

My task is different. It is to try and draw attention to a hidden gem of literature, all dusted over here in England with neglect, but shining still for those whose eyes are not entirely dim with Geneva "print," dazzled by that corpse-candle light which emanates from the dead bodies of so many stillborn books, bleared by perusal of reviews, of magazines, of leading articles, of share lists, tracts, of pamphlets, and of advertisements; but who still can take delight in literature for its own sake, enjoy its style, profit by its philosophy, and to all these the "Celestina" must be a joy, when they first read the curious quips, cranks, quiddities, and the moralizings of the inimitable old "lady lady," as she philosophizes, turning the wisdom of the world into Hey, nonny, nonny.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

AN ETON MASTER.

"Extracts from the Letters and Journals of William Cory, Author of 'Ionica.'" Selected and arranged by F. W. Cornish. Oxford: printed for the Subscribers.

TO all Etonians of thirty or forty years ago this volume will offer a singular interest. It is privately issued on behalf of twenty-three subscribers, all well known in the past or present annals of Eton, and including men of such mark as the Earls of Rosebery and Pembroke, Lord Halifax, Mr. Walter Durnford, Mr. Arthur Benson, the Hon. R. B. Brett, and Sir Stafford Northcote. It has been edited and arranged with great tact by the present Vice-Provost, and in short it is as typical and essential a product of Eton as it would be possible to construct. Why such a charming book should be reserved for private publication it might be hard to say. It is part of the Etonian exclusiveness, perhaps, and a hint that the subject of the essay is to be approached with respectful reserve. But we are convinced that the subscribers will find the demand on their beautiful volume so large that they will be forced to re-issue it in more public form. In their delicate illusive way, these "Letters and Journals of William Cory" constitute a positive contribution to literature.

Not a few readers of considerable width of acquirement may find themselves asking, Who was William Cory? To this question an answer may be given with a little more fulness than the Vice-Provost has thought it necessary to supply in addressing his eclectic subscribers. From 1845 to 1872 there was no more curious figure at Eton than William Johnson, to whom dozens of men now passing middle age look back as the original source of their interest in poetry, in history, in the intellectual life generally. The frontispiece to this volume offers to us a sympathetic presentment of a thin man, in clerical or scholastic garb, leaning back in a chair smiling, with his hands clasped behind his head. This portrait, however, gives too favourable an impression of Johnson's figure, which was ill-made and insignificant, while his eyes, distressingly near-sighted, were always disfigured by goggle glasses, from which he could only escape by pressing his book or picture close against his face, and burrowing in it, mole-like. This appearance and this infirmity placed him at a great disadvantage as a master. He was the natural prey of that kind of little boy who settles

on an incapacity as a fly does on a wound. But to those who were older and more serious Johnson was apt to prove a wise teacher and an inestimable friend. The splendid list of subscribers to this volume gives no more than a small testimony to what some of the best Etonians a quarter of a century ago owed to Johnson.

Born in 1823, and entered at Eton in 1832, William Johnson naturally proceeded to King's College, Cambridge, where in 1845 he gained a fellowship, and no less naturally returned to his old school as assistant-master. Two years before, his poem on "Plato" had gained the Chancellor's Medal in a year when the Greek Ode was by W. G. Clark and the Latin one by the future Sir Henry Sumner Maine. No "King's man" had ever won the English Poem before, and Johnson, with characteristic modesty, was pained to receive an honour which he could not believe was due to him. "Plato," which contains beautiful things, has never been reprinted, and is now very rare. In the Vice-Provost's very brief syllabus of the career of Cory, he oddly enough omits to chronicle what was certainly by far the most notable of his overt acts, the publication, in 1858, of his slender volume of anonymous verse, called "Ionica." Moreover, Mr. Cornish prints but one letter dated between 1855 and 1860, and that one makes no reference to "Ionica." It may, therefore, not be out of place to say that this was a very small collection of lyrics, of unequal merit, the worst of which were no better than boys' exercises, while the best were of a delicacy and a distinguished melancholy grace that place them very high indeed.

The reader who would appreciate the mind of William Johnson should keep "Ionica" at his side while he studies the "Letters and Journals." In the former there is perhaps nothing else so absolutely perfect, so poignant in its exquisite passion, as the lyric beginning "They told me, Heraclitus," which cannot be read, for the thousandth time, without emotion; but in "Mimnermus in Church," in "A Dirge," in "An Invocation," and in "A Study of Boyhood," we may not only gain valuable insight into the temperament of the writer, but appreciate his art as a poet. In 1877 he brought out, privately, a second series of "Ionica." He gives a sentence to this last in a letter to Mr. Brett (13 Nov. 1877):—"I sent to the Cambridge University Press"—which printed the thing abominably—"this week sundry rhymes, enough to fill forty-eight pages exactly; not published, but just to 'give' away for a shilling a copy privately, as I was tired of copying out, and at the same time I never could tell that there might not be a few, say ten pupils, who might like to see certain things." These cryptic semi-publications comprise Johnson's entire contributions to poetry, but they have become more and more highly valued by the *overoi*, by those who love and comprehend. In later years the author took to the writing of history of a highly concentrated and scholastic but not very readable kind. In 1892, being halfway through his seventieth year, he died at Hampstead. We are told that he took the name of Cory, soon after leaving Eton in 1872, but we do not notice that Mr. Cornish explains why this change was made. It was, we believe, incumbent on his acceptance of a legacy, not very large indeed, but sufficient to secure him rest and comfort for the remainder of his days.

Such was the outline of the career which is unfolded in greater detail in these "Letters and Journals." But this light sketch gives no impression of the exquisite soul that is divined rather than revealed in these pages. What strikes us most, in laying down the book, is the strangeness of the type. In its strength, in its weakness, in its capacities alike and its incapacities, the nature of William Cory (as we must learn to call him) was paradoxical and exceptional. We are bewildered by its flux and reflux as we read these aspirations and reflections; we have a certain difficulty in following its lines, and we shrewdly suspect that the writer himself was scarcely less perplexed than we are. For all the pious resolves and theological reflections in which William Cory indulged, he remains for us the pagan that his beautiful "Mimnermus in Church" reveals:—

"You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;

Your chilly stars I can forego,
This warm kind world is all I know."

But he is distinguished from those who frankly accept the pagan negations by his modesty, his tender submission, his desire to satisfy and please. Those who are familiar with Mr. Meredith's novels will recall a similar nature in the tamed and yet untameable Sandra Belloni. The evidence which remains of Cory's beneficial influence at Eton, and of the singular advantage of his training, makes us hesitate to say that a school-master so active, so sympathetic, so beloved, was out of place in a school. But we are inclined to think that in a world where responsibility was not so heavy and inspection not so unceasing, the genius of Cory might have felt more at ease and have expanded more naturally.

One curious and very touching characteristic which marks these letters is the patriotic spirit of the writer. This shy, hectic being, so heavily handicapped by nature, was at heart an imperialist before his time. His views about the navy, the colonies, our relations with foreign Powers, are of an extraordinary fervour and rightness; he seems to be speaking of what has been revealed to him by an intuition, and who shall say what England may not owe to this little lambent flame, radiating national enthusiasm from a class-room at Eton? His historical accomplishment seems to have been very great, and there is no doubt that he might have succeeded Kingsley as Regius Professor if he had been willing to put out a hand in his own glorification. But he preferred the work he understood so well, the implanting in young and enthusiastic bosoms, mainly by a peripatetic process, the seeds of a noble love of literature and of their country.

The allusions to books and occasional fragments of criticism which these journals contain are interesting. Once more, we are forced to reflect on the insufficiency of a merely classical training in preparing even an exquisite mind to face the problems of contemporary letters. William Cory was deeply grounded in the best writers of antiquity, he lived in an atmosphere in which, if anywhere in the world, the spirit of those writers is kept vivid, and he was intelligently sensitive to the progress of thought and art. But the antique guide does not preserve him from grotesque modern errors. He writes of France and Frenchmen very prettily, often very justly, but his judgments on books seem directed by no real principle of taste. He is lent one of Tourgenieff's masterpieces, and can see absolutely nothing in it. He says some excellent things about German literature, and then spoils it all by rejecting Goethe. Yet it is perhaps unfair to cavil at these aberrations where so much is wholesome, penetrating and direct.

No briefest summary of this charming volume can be complete which does not attempt to do justice to the visual aptitude which it reveals. William Cory is one of those letter-writers, so rare in English, who possess the power of seeing brilliantly and succinctly and of reproducing the effect they see. We do not think that his eye for plastic art was at all remarkable; but his letters are full of little pictures of life, exquisitely bright in colour and sharp in outline. Sometimes he rises to great things; his account, given to Mrs. Vidal, of the storm in the Bay of Biscay is memorable. Some of his bits of Devonshire life are of the highest order of literary landscape, always given gravely, unemphatically and simply, with the eye on the object. What could be better, for instance, than such an entry as this at Northam in 1867:—"Once more I watched the little waves thinning into mere laminæ like mother-of-pearl, the delicatest thing that water ever did"? We part with reluctance from a volume which cannot but deeply attract and stimulate any reader who loves to observe in its translucent depths the movements of the intellectual mind in solitude.

BRITISH DEER

"British Deer and their Horns." By J. G. Millais.
London: Sotheman. 1897.

MR. MILLAIS has already produced two very excellent books on natural history and sport. In "Game Birds and Shooting Sketches" he dealt very completely

with the various members of the grouse family to be found in Britain; while in that delightful book "A Breath from the Veldt" he gave us one of the most truthful and satisfactory works on the wild life of South Africa ever yet presented to the reading public. "British Deer and their Horns" will, without doubt, add to the reputation of the author and place the lover of sport and nature under yet further obligation. One of the secrets of Mr. Millais's success lies, probably, in the fact that he unites several attributes seldom found in one person. A first-rate sportsman and naturalist, he is at the same time a great lover of nature, a capable artist, and a writer of fluent and pleasant prose. He possesses manifestly—from the innumerable studies of wild life to be found scattered through his various books, many of them representing hours of labour in the veldt and the forest, often under sufficiently trying conditions—the invaluable quality of patience, when in search of the material he requires. And he has, on the other hand, the immense advantage—one which many artists and authors would give much to possess—of being able to wander at will amongst the scenes and creatures that may captivate his fancy. Good artists have seldom been at the same time great sportsmen and competent authors. Mr. Archibald Thorburn, quite the ablest delineator of the wild life of the British islands at the present day, confines himself solely to brush and pencil. Mr. Stuart-Wortley, it is true, paints capital sporting pictures and writes excellently when he likes—which, however, is not very often. And so Mr. Millais, equipped as he is, gains a great start, which he is not slow to make the best of.

The author treats in the first chapter of extinct British deer. He shows us in a series of most interesting pictures and sketches the enormous dimensions of the gigantic Irish deer (*Megaceros hibernicus*), so often misnamed the Irish elk. This immense deer stood some twelve or thirteen feet high to the top of the horns, and carried immense palmated antlers, having a spread of from nine to thirteen feet. What a noble quarry this must have been for our skin-clad ancestors! So plentifully have the remains of this gigantic deer been found in Irish bogs within the last thirty years, that nearly every important country house in Cork and Limerick possesses a good example. It seems that the finding of these horns has been developed into quite a science in the sister isle. Mr. Millais gives us an excellent diagram, showing a horn-hunter probing ten or twelve feet of bog with a long spear. The horns themselves are usually to be found resting in a stratum of lacustrine shell marl. Reindeer, extinct since about the twelfth century in these islands, seem once to have been extremely abundant. It is recorded that the Jarls of Orkney were in the habit of crossing to Caithness and hunting the reindeer there so recently as 1159.

Passing to creatures of the present day, Mr. Millais gives us an elaborate and excellent account of red-deer in park and forest. His illustrations and letterpress deal in the most exhaustive manner with almost every phase of this noble creature's career and character. Stalking, like many other British field sports, has altered a good deal in character during the last fifty years. Mr. Landseer's prime deerhounds were considered the proper accompaniments for the stalker's outfit. A typical day's sport in Black Mount Forest is mentioned. "Fox Maule and Sir Edwin Landseer were the two rifles (they frequently stalked in pairs at that time), and, on the side of Clashven, Peter Robertson, the head stalker, brought them within eighty yards of two exceptionally fine stags. Maule fired and missed, as did also Sir Edwin, as the stags moved away"—poor shooting this!—then Peter M'Coll, the gillie, slipped the hounds, the two painted by Landseer in the "Deer Drive," and a tremendous chase ensued. Finally the deerhounds were despatched afar off, holding the stags at bay at the point of a promontory on Loch Dochart, and the sportsmen got up and at length bagged their game. At the present day no stalker would think of employing deerhounds in this fashion, neither would gunners dream of pursuing their game in pairs. Indeed, whether in the Highlands or in Africa, or any other wild country, the pursuit of deer or antelopes by two gunners together is, as a rule, absolutely fatal to successful shooting. One or other of the guns is sure

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to have the worst of it; often the sport of both is destroyed.

The chapter on "Stags'-Heads," crowded as it is with photographs and drawings of red-deer horns, collected from almost every available source in these islands, is extremely interesting and well done. The actual labour and care involved must have been immense. Fallow-deer and their horns are dealt with in the most thorough and careful fashion; and, finally, in two very charming chapters on roe-deer, these beautiful little creatures are treated of from the point of view of the sportsman and the naturalist. Much less is known about the roe—than about red-deer, and Mr. Millais's chapters on these wild and indigenous small deer of Britain are well worth attention.

Speaking generally, Mr. Millais's pictures are exceedingly good. There are two or three, however, notably at pages 61, 64 and 66, which do not quite please or satisfy the critical eye. Few works on nature and sport have been more sumptuously got up or more abundantly illustrated. The book contains no less than 185 text and full-page illustrations, contributed mostly by the author—a really enormous task. As a rule, these pictures are full of life, truth and vigour. Mr. Millais is aided by Mr. Sidney Steel and Mr. E. Roe, who contribute between them ten excellent drawings. The ten full-page electrogravures are real works of art depicting typical Highland scenes. A series of drawings by Sir Edwin Landseer has been also secured to strengthen and embellish an already sufficiently strong work. To conclude, Mr. Millais has produced a work on British deer which is likely to occupy a foremost place in the literature of sport for many years to come.

FICTION.

"My Yarns of Sea-Foam and Gold-Dust." By Captain Charles Clark. London: Digby, Long. 1897.

ALTHOUGH Captain Clark's seamen "clap the watch-tackle on the royal back-stay," and although his ship sails "with the wind on the port-quarter, weather clews of cross-jack and mainsail lifted, topmast and lower stunsails set," we still feel sure that he is a real captain and has indeed been to sea. Not even his familiarity with the jib-boom, so often, if we are to believe reviewers, a sign of the amateur, can shake our faith in the reality of Captain Clark's seamanship. No man who is not a confirmed sailor could fill page after page with incidents of seafaring life at once so inconsequent and so uninteresting as those which go to make up the adventures of Captain Clark's hero. The amateur sailor, who scribbles fiction, only throws in his jib-boom to give local colour to the story he is writing, with him one incident leads to another, an accident is in itself exciting and affects the story. All this is quite unlike real life, which is made up, on sea as well as on land, from a number of incidents which are not interesting at the time nor effective afterwards. When a house is burnt down in fiction, the heroine seizes upon this opportunity of being saved by the hero, or perhaps the disaster means the removal of a first wife, or else it means the reduction to ashes of the only known copy of a will—if the accident meant nothing it would not be worth while to go to the expense of burning a house down. But in real life incidents have a recalcitrant affection for meaning nothing, and the burning of your house is often of no more importance than the mislaying of your spectacles. This is a truth which has sunk deep into the mind of Captain Clark. Not even the author of "L'Education Sentimentale" gives his readers a keener consciousness of the inconsequent and unimportant nature of the incidents which string themselves together to form life. A gun explodes over three pages; but no one is killed, and two hours afterwards it is as though the gun had never exploded. And even if any one had been killed, it would not have mattered, life and Captain Clark's story would have continued their remorseless progress. His hero helps a man to desert, for no reason on either side: the act has no consequence: and having succeeded in eluding our interest the deserter lands somewhere and walks away. A shark chooses one sailor out of three, with the blank indifference to human

interest and reasonableness so characteristic of that singular fish, and we pass on to the next incident, which may be the loss of a piece of ship's biscuit or a cosy little bevy of unexpected and harmless murders—you never can tell and it does not matter. This is very true. Captain Clark may become a Flaubert yet if he looks a little more closely to his sentences. "Before the men had hardly time"; "in an incredible short space of time"; "the tiger had made a spring, and had given Dick a vicious pat on the head in passing, and which would certainly have scalped him"; "they had filled the hold with fruit owing to the native mind being well educated in the language of the dollar"; "the sloth taking apparently no interest whatever in the process, but hung motionless to the boards." It is true that towards the end Captain Clark looks as if he were going to fall a prey to a mild attack of the story-telling weakness. At the time of writing there seems to be the possibility of a Peruvian heroine, and even—we are loth to believe it—a hidden treasure. But though our worst fears should prove well-founded, we should still be able to point to the realistic ineffectuality of the first two or three hundred pages.

"Mr. Blake of Newmarket." By Edward H. Cooper. London: Heinemann. 1897.

Mr. Cooper stands at the parting of two roads, patiently marking time and trying throughout his 273 pages to keep an impartial eye on the divergent signposts. On his one side lies the personal or human novel, a safe and well-worn path, the story of a gambling hero and the devoted girl who comes out unexpectedly strong in the end. If he had advanced in this direction he would have used only so much sporting detail as the course of his hero's story demanded. But he also cast an eye upon the seductive prospect that lay on the other side, the novel of the inhuman or inanimate, the novel of the Turf with a capital T. If he had laboured after the indefatigable pioneer in this direction he would have given the Turf a separate existence, representing bit by bit every phase of racing life in a symmetrical scheme, wherein Mr. Blake, if he had appeared at all, would have played a minor part, being but a creature caught in the wheels of a great machine. The first kind of book would have been entitled "Mr. Blake," or rather "Reginald Blake," and the second "Newmarket." But Mr. Cooper has written a novel which is neither one thing nor the other and called it both. Poor Mr. Blake is treated in very cavalier fashion considering he is the hero and an all-important person. He and his story are struggling all the way through to keep their dying heads above water. Indeed, in his nineteenth chapter Mr. Cooper seems to confess to a certain depression at his hero's obstinate refusal to exist: "It is a monotonous story," he cries; and then despairingly attempts to resuscitate the drowned man with a fresh wave of racing details. We do not believe that so capable an author would have been satisfied with so inadequate a presentation of Mr. Blake's story if he had not been blinded by the notion that he was largely engaged in drawing a picture of the racing world. And at the same time it is just possible that the Turf might have received a less scattered and more meaningful treatment if Mr. Cooper had not half thought he was writing one of the familiar personal stories. However, the Turf material which is at Mr. Cooper's disposal should appeal to the sympathetic if only for the sake of the book that might have been constructed from it, though it is to be feared that the general reader will bewail the submergence of the story and refuse to be comforted with the scattered wealth of racing details.

"A Pinchbeck Goddess." By Mrs. J. M. Fleming. London: Heinemann. 1897.

In her "Prologue" Mrs. Fleming resumes for us the dreary girlhood of a certain Madeline Norton, an unattractive young lady, dull, when not actually suffering from neglect, during a visit to India with a match-making matron. Chapter I. introduces to us a dashing and elegant widow, who wears an auburn wig above dark eyebrows and an artful complexion. Sooner or later, according to our experience in the wiles of

novelists, we realize that this Mrs. Edwards, preparing for a triumphant social campaign in Simla, is one and the same person as dowdy Madeline Norton. Then the interest begins, for we, the readers, are more or less in the secret; we know that the painted and frivolous widow is a good and refined creature, playing the fast game chiefly as a sort of revenge for former neglect. Nothing, as every one knows who has been, or is still, young, nothing so tickles the fancy as the notion of being misunderstood, of standing before the world in a false position; and the reader of "A Pinchbeck Goddess" may enjoy this acute pleasure in the person of the heroine. This is not exactly the sort of pleasure we ought to feel before a work of art; but then "A Pinchbeck Goddess" is not exactly a serious and detached study of a woman playing a false part. However, if we set aside so frivolous an objection, and accept the Darwinian view of fiction and its aims, nothing is left but praise. The story is written with that bright ease which is the peculiar possession of clever women; and the various members of Simla society are picked out with an entertaining discernment. Moreover there is, in the course of the heroine's deception, one moment of real and serious worth. Among her admirers is a middle-aged reprobate, an old campaigner, Colonel Strath-Ingram, and his proposal to the sham widow, that should have given her so pleasant a sense of revenge, is horribly serious. She hopes for something ridiculous from him that "might partly justify her conduct. But three seeming impossibilities for Strath-Ingram had met in his face; he looked pale, serious and good." Instead of the old chuckle she half expects from him, he shames her by telling how good he would be to her child. "I've thought of her often, lately." This almost brings her to confess her deception, to say she was never married and had no child; but very cleverly Mrs. Fleming puts a speech into his mouth that stops the confession, and finally makes him bring the whole thing to the ground with his jaunty question, "Did you ever hear that I was a little too given to lifting my little finger, eh?" This scene differs in quality from the rest of the book.

LITERARY NOTES.

WE are glad to hear that the delegates of the Clarendon Press have decided to issue library editions of the chief Elizabethan dramatists. The texts will be rigidly conservative, following *literatim* as nearly as possible the original quarto editions. Mr. Churton Collins has been engaged to edit the plays and poems of Robert Greene and has already made some way in the work, while Mr. F. S. Boas has in hand the lighter task of an edition of Kyd's tragedies.

Professor York Powell is engaged in an interesting work. It is a survey of the progress which has been made in historical research and composition during the present reign; he has, we believe, nearly completed it.

We heartily recommend to the notice of students of the Elizabethan dramatists Mr. K. Deighton's "Conjectural Readings" on the texts of Marston, Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, Marlowe, Chapman, Heywood, Greene, Middleton, Dekker and Webster. Mr. Deighton has restored to sense many most desperate passages, and a large proportion of his conjectures are entitled to a high place among *palmares emendationes*. Archibald Constable & Co. are the publishers of his interesting little volume.

Canon Harford's privately printed "Epigrammatica" contains one of the happiest German epigrams (turning on the punning use of "Allen") which we have ever met with. It is inscribed "To Heron Allen, a bright young friend who praised very strongly some music I had sent him."

"Man sagt dass Keiner hat's gethan,
Der ganzen Welt gefallen.
Falsch ist es, weil ich sagen kann
Ich bin gelobt von Allen."

We take this opportunity of expressing a hope that Canon Harford will be prevailed on to publish his admirable version of Dante's "Inferno."

The principal event of next week will be the publication in book form of Mr. Hall Caine's story, "The

Christian." Mr. Heinemann is starting it on its career with a modest preliminary edition of 50,000 copies, out of which the author is said to reap a trifle of £6,000.

Among the solid fare which the house of Murray is providing for its many clients is a work by Canon R. C. Moberly on "The Principle of Ministry," comprising six chapters preliminary to a study of the Ordinal and an inquiry into the truth of Christian priesthood. It also contains an appendix on the recent Roman controversy.

One of the literary monthlies for August contains an egregious communication from the Isle of Man relating to Mr. Hall Caine's new book. There is "nothing doing in the literary world of Paris," Mr. R. H. Sherard avers; he has therefore made a pilgrimage to Greeba Castle in order to acquaint the world with the closing scenes of Mr. Caine's "colossal labour." The proofs of "The Christian" have been submitted, it seems, to "twenty different specialists for revision—divines, musical stars, doctors, hospital nurses, and lawyers"—Albert Chevalier is one of the twenty!—"lest any error of *technique* may have crept in." The work was finished on 13 July, 1897, Mr. Sherard informs us, and in the final page of Mr. Caine's MS. occurs the exclamation: "Yet now I shall not know what to do with myself"! The periodical in question relates that "the 'copy' was not delivered to the Ballantyne Press [Edinburgh?] till June 25, and between that day and July 16 the entire work of over 100,000 words was in Mr. Caine's hands." As this amounts roughly to two sheets of sixteen pages per day, it cannot be regarded as "a record in the history of printing," nor do we see any reason why "publishers and authors will be glad to hear of it."

A new volume from Mr. George MacDonald's prolific pen is to be one of Messrs. Longmans' forthcoming features. The full title is "Rampolli: Growths from an Old Root: being translations, new and old, chiefly from the German; along with a Year's Diary of an Old Soul." Another book of interest from the same firm will be Mr. D. H. Madden's "The Diary of Master William Silence," a study of Shakspeare and Elizabethan sport.

Messrs. Macmillan will have reason to congratulate themselves if Mr. James Lane Allen's story, "The Choir Invisible," meets with the success on this side of the water that it has achieved in the States, where the sales have already exceeded twenty thousand copies.

Messrs. Putnam's Sons are now ready with a fresh list, including an Irish historical novel by Mr. S. H. Church, entitled "John Marmaduke"; a Life of Ambroise Paré, the celebrated French physician of the sixteenth century, by Mr. Stephen Paget; "Some Colonial Homesteads and their Stories," by Marion Harland; and "The Story of the Palatines," by the Rev. Sandford H. Cobb, who narrates the settlement of the German refugees in America early in the last century.

A book by Messrs. G. H. and J. B. Putnam has just been published on "Authors and Publishers," which, besides general hints on the relations of the one to the other, attempts a lucid rendering of the International Copyright Law.

History and portraiture have the place of honour in Mr. Grant Richards's current issue of "English Portraits," the exponents represented being Mr. Lecky and Mr. Sergeant. Mrs. Meynell has given the title "Flower of the Mind" to the anthology she has just completed for Mr. Grant Richards.

Mr. J. W. Mackail, who is making satisfactory progress with the biography of William Morris, is a distinguished Latin scholar, and also a writer of verse of some distinction. Mr. Mackail won the Newdigate prize for his poem "Thermopylae," published in 1881; and in conjunction with the Rev. H. C. Beeching he is responsible for the volumes "Love in Idleness" and "Love's Looking-Glass." Mr. Mackail is the author, too, of several idyllic transcriptions of Biblical narratives suitable for children.

In the five years that have elapsed since the death of C. H. Spurgeon, no person, at once capable and accept-

able, has been found ready and willing to undertake a biography of the distinguished Baptist preacher. In these circumstances Mrs. Spurgeon has begun, with the assistance of Mr. Harrald, private secretary of the late Mr. Spurgeon, a work which will be largely autobiographical.

The volume of *Selected Poems* by Mr. George Meredith which Messrs. Constable will issue immediately contains, it is stated, the ode which appeared in a daily paper on Trafalgar Day last year.

The allegorical form has been chosen by Mr. Nicholas Christian as the setting for his views on the Education question. The work, which is called "That Tree of Eden," is shortly to be produced by Mr. Hutchinson.

Mr. Grant Allen's capacity for literary production is immeasurable. Yet another story of his, "The Incidental Bishop," is in the hands of Messrs. Pearson.

Messrs. Digby, Long & Co. will publish immediately Mr. Belton Otterburn's new novel, entitled "Unrelated Twins." The point on which the plot turns is that when once impugned nothing is so difficult to prove as one's own identity.

It is somewhat remarkable that no reference was made at the time of Mrs. Oliphant's death to the tremendous slating that one of her recent books received at the hands of Mr. D. Hay Fleming of St. Andrews. "A Child's History of Scotland" was the work in question, and the numerous errors detected by Mr. Fleming were eliminated from the second edition of the volume. For a considerable time past Mr. Hay Fleming has been engaged on an historical study of Mary Queen of Scots, and the first volume will be issued in October.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF SPORT.

"The Encyclopædia of Sport." June Number. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peek, and F. G. Aflalo. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1897.

CRICKET and coursing nearly fill the June number of the "Encyclopædia of Sport," and the former as the national game *par excellence* naturally engrosses the lion's share. Important as the subject is, the article is necessarily condensed; but it is a mine of practical information and much to the point. A new team is brought into the field, embracing, so far as we recollect, none of the contributors to the volume in the "Badminton Library," for although Mr. F. G. J. Ford acts as captain and is responsible for the whole, various brief discussions on divers matters are interpolated by specialists. Thus no one is better entitled to give useful hints as to batting than that brilliant Oriental star, Prince Ranjitsinhji, although it may be easier to understand his teaching than to imitate his style; Mr. Kemp discusses the delicate science of wicket-keeping and Tom Richardson is an undeniable authority on fast bowling. No less valuable, perhaps, is the advice given elsewhere as to the ways of dealing with underhand balls and slow lobbs, which often eventuate in disagreeable surprises when experts go to the wickets against young men from the country. The code of the Marylebone Club is printed as the ground work and constitutional charter of the game; some of the rules are elucidated and others are criticized. There are golden maxims which should be graven on the memory of novices, such as that the batter should never take his eye off the ball from the moment the bowler begins to take his run. We need hardly say that the game, though a game, is taken very seriously; that the aspirant is warned that even genius is the faculty of taking pains; and that the only road to cricketing eminence is through patience, perseverance and indefatigable practice.

Coursing is of less general interest, though we are informed that, notwithstanding Sir William Harcourt's Ground Game Act, which gave it a severe temporary check, it is still flourishing to the South of the Border. But in Scotland the effect of that ill-considered edict has been disastrous, though the sport still holds its own in certain districts. There is an interesting account of how the Waterloo Cup, started about the time of Her Majesty's accession, has grown to the event it is from very small beginnings. The relatively long article on "Greyhound Celebrities," by Mr. Ellis, shows vast knowledge and research and must be nearly exhaustive; it is completed by a bibliography and followed by a glossary. Another valuable article is that on the "Conservancy of Rivers," by Mr. Bickerdyke, with suggestions for stocking rivers and ponds. There is little space left in the number for natural history. For fishes, we have the char, which seldom shows sport, and in our opinion is much overrated as a table delicacy; and old Walton's "chuckle-headed" chub, for which, indeed, we are referred to the article on "Coarse Fish." We have a high respect for Mr. Harting, but we could wish he had gone into greater detail as to the favourite haunts and breeding-places of the cormorant—

and the crocodile, proverbially tenacious of life, is tantalizingly cut in two by the arbitrary closure. By the way, we had nearly overlooked the article on Coaching; but, in fact, it chiefly deals with the amateur revival, as to which there is little to be said, except that the genuine amateurs have either tired or burned their fingers, or done both, and consequently all the coaches now are run by subscription, with the solitary exception of the Guildford "New Times," still owned and horsed by Mr. Walter Shoolbred.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

A PART from the remarkable and very sympathetic paper, "Toryism and Toil," by the Hon. Claude G. Hay and Mr. Harold Hodge, the most readable contribution in a not otherwise exciting issue of the "Fortnightly" is Mr. Vandam's sketch of Emile de Girardin, "the King of the Journalists," the founder of the penny daily paper. The scheme by which "La Presse" was to be brought out for an annual subscription of forty francs, so astonishing in '36, has since become "the simple alphabet of vast journalistic enterprise." Mr. Vandam declares that "its political as well as its purely literary columns might serve as models to-day," and the editor brought at least one part of his business to a pitch of perfection that has never again been attained. Not only were all the speeches of all public men docketed, but they were also fully "supplemented by information of a more private character, and not always gathered from the most avowable sources." So that a turn of the hand gave the editor not only the main lines of any man's career, "but particulars which could not be gathered either from books or newspapers." Girardin was so anxious about these archives that he had the shelves and cardboard boxes fitted up in his bedroom and slept in the adjoining dressing-room. Madame Girardin was a most devoted wife, and she seems to have forestalled Mrs. Gladstone in her reply to a visitor's remark that "only He who is above can get us out of our trouble." "Yes, he is busy trying now." Mr. Romesh C. Dutt's article on "Famines in India and their Remedy" is a consideration of various plans for the reduction of expenditure and of the taxes that pay for it. First he quotes from Sir Henry Brackenbury to show that India bears an undue portion of the army burden. "If we desired to maintain British rule in India only for India's sake, then I think it would be fair to make India pay to the uttermost farthing everything that it could be shown was due to Britain's rule over India." But Britain has enormous interests of her own in keeping India under her rule, and her military operations often extend beyond the natural limits of India to outlying countries from which little income can be derived. Secondly, he suggests that administrative and judicial power has become too centralized and that the fostering of village organizations would do much to save the agricultural classes from debt and expensive litigation. His third suggestion is for the permanent settlement of land assessments. Bengal, which was permanently assessed by Lord Cornwallis in 1793, is more prosperous and better able to stand calamity than any other part of India. Permanent settlements would have been given to the North-Western Provinces a generation ago if Lord Canning had lived. Finally Mr. Dutt declares of India that "the increase of population has not been greater than the development of her resources." Mr. Baillie-Grohman's indictment of certain gentlemen who have been writing books about sport is the sort of criticism that may well bring sleepless nights to all writers who ever venture into the domain of facts. It is positively terrifying to realize that any man can know so much about any subject. There remains, however, this consolation—the mass of misstatements that are being printed and circulated hour by hour must necessarily be so enormous that if all the learned cried from the house-tops through the twenty-four hours of the day, they could only bring confusion upon an infinitesimal portion of the error-weaving thousands.

Once more, in this quarter's issue, the "Edinburgh Review" makes its most effective appeal to its readers' interest in an historical paper. The contributor who writes of Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, deals with his hero during the period when his great reputation was still growing, and leaves him in the year 1792 when this deserved reputation was at its height. If he had died then "men would have said afterwards that not the least of the misfortunes of Europe had been that, on the eve of the events which followed, she had untimely lost the one man able to pilot her through those troublous events"—the one statesman, the one general—and the doubts of certain early critics, who had found in him a lack of independent determination, would have remained but an ill-founded guess. He had already been offered the sovereignty of a part of the Low Countries and the reversion of Poland, and in 1792 he refused the French offer (in which all parties, including Jacobins, were agreed) to take command of the army for a campaign against Austria. He refused the offer, although he disliked Austria as much as he detested the *émigrés*. "The German princes were not going to attack France," he declared. And within the same year he was at Berlin, being overruled by a King, "of whose capacity he had the lowest opinion," to take sides with Austria and the *émigrés*, and lead an attack upon France. "The most liberal and enlightened prince of his time,

a known sympathizer with France and with all reasonable reforms," signed at Koblenz, in July, the manifesto that was followed by the September excesses in Paris. It was the beginning of his ruin. "The consequences to the history of Europe and to his own hitherto unquestioned reputation will be discussed in a subsequent article," and we look forward to the writer's continuation with an eagerness we should hardly feel had any of his fellow-contributors made declarations of a like intention. Not but what there are points of interest scattered about the Review, especially in the picture of Italy's sad plight that appears under the title of "Prosperity and Politics in Italy." The writer opens with a suggestive comparison between the North, "where the tradition of the local liberties of the past survived," and the South, where "a great degree of communal autonomy was never desired," and where little communes and big towns alike have fallen headlong into extravagance and jobbery. The writer quotes an incredible case of mismanagement from the Annunziata Foundling Hospital in Naples. Out of the 856 children left in 1895, 696 died within the year, 157 more died in 1896, and of the three that remained at the end of 1896 one still survives. The writer deplores the lack of definite political parties, the preponderance of local interests over national issues, and the present hopelessness of any serious military retrenchment. The army, which is one of the most obvious sources of extravagance, is, however, in itself the only satisfactory class in the country—the soldiers have been given discipline and instruction. We do not know that there is any particular justification for the article on South Africa, except that the writer, who declares on one page that he has no sympathy with those who have all along deprecated public inquiry, turns over two pages and is there of the opinion that the Committee was "unfit" and that the inquiry "inevitably" degenerated "into a party contest."

The writer on the same subject in the "Quarterly" is, at any rate, sound on this point. He might, possibly, have left certain of his pages unwritten, without any unbearable qualms of conscience at the thought of the vital information he was withholding; but it would be absurd to dwell on this possibility, while another contributor, a few pages back, in remarking that Meredith draws women well, although he writes at times with aggressive obscurity, is quoting a passage from the love scene in "Richard Feverel" and giving it as his opinion that Richmond Roy is a splendid figure. There is really so little excuse for ambling over the general ground of Meredith's faults and virtues, and it is curious that the writer should have found pleasure in so doing, especially as his wanderings bring him, for a brief moment, in sight of at least one suggestive theme—Meredith's intellectual superiority to his own characters. Another writer roams aimlessly for twenty-one pages over the ground of authors, publishers, success and genius. Surely a rider should bestride a horse of the most perfect action if he would call the world to witness such gentle, after-breakfast exercise as this. There is an interesting sketch of Luther, his revolt against abuses, the circumstances that made for its success, its effects inside and outside the Roman Catholic Church, and also an entertaining review of Taine and his philosophy, his youthful philosophy of science and denial, and his recantation as historian of the French Revolution. The writer of "Job and the 'Faust'" has a fine subject. The main thesis contained in "The Crisis in the East" is to the effect that the creation of independent States out of the ruin of the Ottoman Empire has proved a failure: compare Bulgaria and Greece to Bosnia and Herzegovina. "The Eastern Question can best be solved by following the precedent of Poland." Therefore England must come to a better understanding with Russia.

An alliance between Russia and England also commends itself to M. de Pressensé in the "Nineteenth Century," though he would not agree with the "Quarterly" Reviewer in calling France but a slight obstacle to this desirable *rapprochement*; it should be an *entente à trois*. France is not to be displaced by Great Britain. Mr. Lionel Phillips corrects some of Sir John Willoughby's statements in last month's issue. The telegrams and messengers sent to curb Dr. Jameson's impatience reached him and no support at Krugersdorp was promised or contemplated from Johannesburg. Mrs. Hogg prints some figures to show the amount of wage-earning (and what wages!) work that is done by children before and after school and on Saturdays. The excuse that they are doing well to learn early some "practical business" falls to the ground when we look at details of their employment—selling or delivering newspapers, running errands, minding babies. However, such occupations can hardly tax the brain to any great extent, and those others are more to be pitied who help their parents till midnight "in what are called domestic industries." Mr. Robert Young gives some words of explanation as to the revision of Japanese treaties with foreign Powers, by which foreign residents in Japan come under ordinary Japanese jurisdiction. He is of opinion that the Japanese prison would tell rather hardly upon Europeans, and that they are also at a disadvantage owing to their inability to obtain a lease for more than twenty-five years. The Hon. Robert White points out various matters in which the French show a more careful consideration of juvenile offenders. They are not examined in open court, but informally, conversationally, by one or two *Juges d'Instruc-*

tion, who are constantly employed in the business; they are more kindly treated on remand, and there is the excellent institution of the *Enfants Assistés*.

In his "Glimpse of the Late War," in "Blackwood's Magazine," Major Callwell is as much impressed by the 60,000 Turkish soldiers that could be assembled fifty miles beyond the frontier, and in a hostile country, as he is by the misapplication of fighting strength when the troops got there. A writer on "The Native Army of India" deplores the insufficient number of English officers. Gurkhas, Sikhs and Pathans are invincible, but they must be led. "Eight officers to a battalion would soon disappear in the destruction of a Woerth or a Gravelotte." The writer of "Italian Journalism as seen in Fiction" has done the work of compression very successfully—we have here adequate presentations of two interesting novels, Matilda Serao's "Vita e Avventure di Riccardo Joanna" and Girolamo Rovetta's "La Baraonda." In these days of innumerable journals it is rather curious that this system of telling the story of a novel with extracts is not more generally resorted to—not under the guise of reviewing, but frankly for the purpose of entertainment. One can imagine a periodical subsisting entirely on the material supplied by foreign fiction. Readers are supposed to be in a hurry, and certainly the article before us is interesting enough. In declaring war on Turkey, the King and his Government "bluffed on an empty hand." The King was fully assured that the Powers would step in to prevent the war with which he made a bid for popularity. That is Mr. Walter B. Harris's first point; and his second is that the weight of the disastrous mistake will not fall upon any member of the Government or any of the intriguers at Athens. The only thing that moves callous, laughing Athens in the slightest degree is the humiliation of a foreign financial control. The political article this month is cheerful, almost chirpy. Even that unutterable and impossible portion of the human race, which creeps along its criminal path under the title of the Liberal party, would have escaped its monthly thrashing, if only Lord Rosebery had had the sense to steer clear of Disraeli and the growth of Imperial sentiment, when he spoke to the Colonial Premiers at the National Liberal Club last month.

"Macmillan" is an excellent number this month. "A Nine Days' King" is a story of the Neapolitan rebellion against Spanish taxation, led by the fisherman Masaniello—grotesque and terrible, indeed, as the writer calls it. Some one or other has made an amusing article out of M. Oliviera Martins and his determination to hate everything English, M. Gabriel Mourey's relentless discovery of the pre-Raphaelite at every street corner in London, and M. Edmond Demolins with his worship of Extension lectures.

An Australian writer, the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, opens the "Cornhill" with an account of Prince Ferdinand's tact, Lord George Sackville's sulkiness and the British infantry's magnificent blunder at the battle of Minden. Under the glow of the writer's style a good deal of varied information, from "Jenkins's Ear" to the loss of the American Colonies, has fused itself together into a few pages. Very entertaining is Mr. A. I. Shand's "A Wit of the Regency," Lord Alvanley, a rival of Brummell's, a traveller, a huntsman, an officer not undistinguished in the Peninsula, a friend of the Duke of Wellington, Talleyrand, Metternich. The "Famous Trial" in this number is the King against Burke and McDougal; Mr. Atlay states that Hare, who turned king's evidence, ended his days as a blind beggar in the streets of London. Mr. Eden Phillpotts is evidently in a great state of delight because he has found out that school-boys say "jolly." It certainly is an interesting fact; but we do not agree with him in holding that the interest is sufficient to justify the eight pages of his "Nubby Tomkins." In the "New Review" of last month there was an account of the poet Verstigan, and Mr. Ragland Phillips in the "Cornhill" tells of a friend of Verstigan's, John Dowlande, also suspected of treasonable misdemeanour.

In the "New Century Review" Mr. Hugh Ticehurst suggests an interesting comparison between English diplomacy in Constantinople as it was in the days of Lord Palmerston and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and as it is now with Lord Salisbury and Sir Philip Currie. Those who employ the comparison to belittle our present Ambassador forget the changes that came in with the Reform Bill of '67. "Lord Salisbury is perhaps the first Prime Minister, Sir Philip Currie is the first Ambassador, who under the new régime have borne the brunt of an international crisis." An entirely new class of Ambassador has developed to fit the new circumstances—such men as Sir Arthur Paget, Sir R. Morier, Lord Savile, Sir W. A. White, Sir Julian Pauncfote, Sir H. Drummond Wolff. They have all been through the official mill.

In an extremely interesting paper contributed to the "English Historical Review," Mr. Basil Williams sets himself to answer the question, Why should so admittedly incapable a politician as the Duke of Newcastle have played so prominent a part during the first half of last century? The answer is to be found in Mr. Williams's statement that the election of 1734 returned about sixty or seventy members in the interest of the Government from places where the Duke's influence was either paramount or one of the forces to be reckoned with. His endless

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family connexions and his equally endless estates were not the only secrets of his influence, for he and his agents were indefatigable workers, as the writer proves in his detailed account of some elections in Sussex. It is an amazing tale.

Mrs. Harry Coghill contributes a note about George Mason to "Longman's." Miss Theodora Nunns has something to say of Herder, as a lover of folk-songs, in "Temple Bar," and Mr. Frederic Dixon tells of Ligonier, the Frenchman who became British commander-in-chief, Saxe and his Madame Favart, as they played their part in the French campaign against Belgium.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

Anti-Philistine, The (July).
Astrology, Practical (Alan Leo). Modern Astrology Office.
Atlantic Monthly, The (August).
Blasted Life, The (A. E.). Roxburghe Press, 12.
Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Connaught and Ulster (H. Allingham). Elliot Stock.
Century Illustrated, The (August).
Christmas Manual, The. Elliot Stock, 12.
Coming of Chloe, The (Mrs. Hungerford). White, 6s.
Englishwoman, The (August).
Epic of Sounds, The (Freda Winworth). Simpkin, 3s. 6d.
Geographical Journal, The (August).
Good Mrs. Hyacinthe (Rita). Hutchinson.
Great Britain (K. Baedeker). Dulau.
Lady's Realm, The (August).
Lippincott's Magazine (August).
Macmillan's Magazine (August).
Mohammedanism (C. H. Robinson). Gardner, Darton.
Monde Moderne, Le (August).
Murable Many, The (R. Barr). Methuen, 6s.
Naval and Military Magazine, The (August).
Nineteenth Century, The (August).
Painters, Modern (2 vols.) (J. Ruskin). Allen.
Pall Mall Magazine, The (August).
St. Nicholas (August).
Scribner's Magazine (August).
Seaside Flirt, A (J. S. Winter). White, 12.
Shetland Minister of the Eighteenth Century, A (J. Willcock). Manson.
Sophocles (R. V. Tyrrell). Macmillan, 5s.
Sport, The Encyclopedia of (August). Lawrence & Bullen, 2s.
Strand Magazine, The (August).
Wells Cathedral (C. M. Church). Isbister.
Windsor Magazine, The (August).

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

Volume LXXXIII. of the SATURDAY REVIEW, bound in cloth, 16s., is ready. Cloth cases for binding the volumes 2s., and Reading Cases 2s. 6d. and 5s. each, may be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

FRANCE.

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	£20,367 6 7
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	£39,519 5 8
REVENUE.	
	Value
By Gold Accounts—	
6,217 731 ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	£26,250 10 6
3,120 325 ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	13,088 9 10
Slag sold	174 5 4
9,338 056 ozs.	£39,519 5 8
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January 31	...	7,352	0	4	January 31	...	26,700	6	0
February 29	...	10,600	17	2	February 28	...	32,346	4	8
March 31	...	14,626	12	3	March 31	...	36,692	1	8
April 30...	...	18,979	16	0	April 30...	...	45,185	3	11

The balances on the books only are shown above; but the cash sales for each month represent a considerable item in addition. A market premium of 200 per cent. has been obtained, our £1 shares averaging £3."

And here is what the Turner Pneumatic Tyre Company, Limited, write:—

"You are aware that we have had a considerable amount of litigation with the Dunlop Company, which was not finally decided in our favour until March last.

"Since that time the cycle trade has fully recognised the security of our position and the exceptionally wide powers of our licence, as is shown by the immense volume of business that has come to us at this late period of the season. In addition to large contracts we have booked for future delivery, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of a quarter of a million tyres, the trade is placing orders with us for this season's delivery averaging 2,500 tyres per week, and our orders are daily on the increase. We consider our prospects are most brilliant, apart from any scheme of amalgamation. We, however, fully realise the benefit which will arise from consolidating the licensed companies' businesses from the point of view of stopping the present very competitive prices, and also of lessening by three-quarters the cost of organisation, advertising, &c."

Of the Turner Company it may be said that its £1 shares have averaged £3 5s., while those of the Woodley Company now stand at 31s., and Scott's Standards at a small discount, which will probably change to a premium when the news of the amalgamation becomes known. Something like 8,000 tyres are said to be the weekly product of the Scott Company, whose issued capital is £200,000. It has made a specialty of low-priced tyres, thus seriously competing with other firms. The Woodley tyre has always been a favourite of the trade; and it is not surprising to hear that it has on order about 90,000 tyres.

As the enterprise now about to be introduced to public notice with a share capital of £1,000,000, supplemented by £300,000 of

debentures, will be under the ægis of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company—affiliated thereto, as has been indicated, by sisterly bonds—it would not be unreasonable to predict that "Pneumatic Tyres, Limited," bids fair to prove to be a not much less valuable concern than the parent organization. The "Dunlop" had fewer advantages to start with than the combined undertaking with which we are now dealing; and see what it has become! There is no reason to doubt that a similar triumph awaits the great tyre "combine."

For some time past, according to the reports of the Cycle Press, the Beeston Company has been turning out the large number of 2,000 tyres per day at the Coventry Works. It is to be noted that no tools are required to detach these tyres from the rim owing to the fact that the wires at the sides of the cover are of a light gauge, double the quantity being used to maintain the requisite strength, thus enabling the covers to be more easily detached than those with one stout wire. A puncture can be repaired in the shortest conceivable time. The rubber used is of the best quality, a specially manufactured fabric being supplied; and altogether the Beeston puncture-proof tyre may be justly regarded as *nulli secundus*. No tyre has been subjected to more severe tests at the hands of racing men, expert riders, and tourists; it is light, simple of construction, easy to manipulate, fast, and comfortable; and so many noteworthy performances have been accomplished upon it that a page would be hardly sufficient for their due record.

No more important and promising enterprise than this tyre amalgamation has come before the public since the ever-memorable flotation of the "Dunlop" Five Million Company in the spring of 1896. If we would realise the extent of the tyre trade we must know something of the statistics of the cycle industry. The £22,000,000 estimated to be invested in the manufacture up to September of last year may well have increased to £30,000,000, inasmuch as there is ample warrant for asserting that there has been an onward and upward movement in the trade during the last nine months, and that the output of 1897 is likely to be one-third greater than that of 1896. No one can doubt that 1895 was by far the busiest year ever known in the cycle trade. It will probably astonish the reader to learn that the value of the cycles and cycle components exported from the United Kingdom last year amounted to £1,860,972, or nearly half a million in excess of 1895, and more than £660,000 above the exports of 1894. In October the shipments were greater than ever before in a single month—£178,664, more than double those of the same month in 1894; while in the October of 1892 the exports amounted to only £32,000. In December an extraordinary result was obtained, the unprecedented total of exports rising to £212,111. The cycle exports for the week ending April 9th amounted to £17,757, as against £7,107 in April 1896. Flushing figures for £3,221—not bad for one week; Melbourne, in the same period, £2,822; Boulogne, £2,410; Cape Town, £1,070; Durban, £827; and so on, all over the globe. A crucial test of the increasing prosperity of the British cycle trade is the table of exports, especially remembering the keenness of the Continental competition and the desperate attempts made by the Americans to do a cutting trade on this side of the Atlantic.

The popularity of the Dunlop Tyre was of slow growth for some little time, its best friends not daring to predict too rosy a future for it. The first year's profits—those for the twelve months ending in 1890—were £2,660. By the termination of the next year—1891—they had risen to £21,974; and they more than doubled themselves in 1892 with £48,595. In 1893 the net gains took an extraordinary leap, for they were £149,319. The increase for the following year was not very marked, for the profits only rose to the extent of £8,000; but in 1895 they jumped up to £220,000. In 1896 came another wonderful bound. So that in the seven years the trading profits of the Pneumatic Tyre Company (as it was then styled) reached the astounding figure of £947,738, while the profits realised by the extra issues of capital at premiums were £185,227, making a grand total of profit for the period enumerated of £1,134,095.

A considerable advance in the price of these tyres may be anticipated. Cyclists have been amazed, and experts amused, by the bizarre announcement that an English cycle company of high repute has resolved upon reducing its prices for machines to the extent of from 25 to 33 per cent. It is most unlikely that the fatuous example thus set will be imitated. Under any circumstances, the tyre trade cannot possibly suffer by any diminution in the cost of machines; rather would a reduction be beneficial to it, inasmuch as it is fair to conclude that the cheaper the cycle the greater the demand for it, and hence the greater the demand for tyres.

It will be seen that there is no possibility of a diminution of tyre prices, but that, on the contrary, prices must go up. For a long time the "Dunlop" had the monopoly of the trade, but under the new state of things the amalgamated tyre companies will share in that monopoly. There would, therefore, thus appear to be in the whole industrial world no more advantageous field of investment than this great tyre industry now about to be so strikingly developed.

THE LANGLAAGTE ESTATE AND GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.**STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS AT DECEMBER 31, 1896.**

Dr.	
To Capital Account	£470,000 0 0
Robinson South African Banking Company—	
Advances on gold	36,520 0 0
Sundry Creditors—	
Trade accounts, contractors, &c.	15,131 7 5
Wages outstanding—	
Europeans and natives payable in January	5,753 11 6
Mine contractors—	
Guarantee retention	269 1 9
Unclaimed dividends	431 3 6
Unclaimed Bonus Block B shares	712 0 0
Shareholders' Dividend Account—	
No. 20, 15 per cent. declared December 31, 1896	70,500 0 0
Share Premium Account—	
Balance at December 31, 1895	72,000 0 0
Profit and Loss Account—	
Balance as per Statement	391,837 6 6
	£1,063,154 10 8

Cr.	
By Property Account	£366,000 0 0
Buildings and improvements	18,000 0 0
Machinery and plant	98,310 0 0
Mill, 200 stamps	77,100 0 0
Cyanide works	34,200 0 0
Furniture and safes	460 0 0
Live stock and vehicles	850 0 0
Permanent works	7,130 0 0
Mine development	20,156 0 0
Stores—Explosives, fuel, general stores, and Cyanide	13,625 9 2
Stationery and bearer warrants	1,784 13 2
Cash—	
Robinson's Bank, London and Johannesburg	£43,845 1 0
Office	1,163 6 10
	45,008 7 10
Gold in transit	50,867 14 3
Share Account	326,100 0 0
Unclaimed Bonus Block B Shares, as per contra	712 0 0
Insurances unexpired	523 5 6
Sundry debtors	2,327 0 9
	£1,063,154 10 8

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.
F. S. TUDHOPE, Secretary.

We hereby certify that we have examined the books of the Langlaagte Estate and Gold Mining Company, Limited, and compared the same with the vouchers and bank book, that we have found them correct, and that the above statement is a true extract from the said books.

S. FLEISCHER, } Auditors.
DAVID FRASER, }

THE BLOCK B LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

Capital £632,500.

In 550,000 Ordinary and 82,500 Preferred Shares of £1 each.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman. N. J. SCHOLTZ.
J. W. S. LANGERMAN, JAS. FERGUSON.
Vice-Chairman. R. LILIENFELD.
MAURICE MARCUS. STANLEY CLAY.

F. S. TUDHOPE.

Secretary.—G. BINGHAM.

Manager.—J. A. HEBBARD.

Bankers.—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Solicitors.—Messrs. VAN HULSTEYN & FELTHAM.

London Agents.—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Transfer Agents (Head Office)—ROBINSON SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office Langlaagte Restante, P.O. Box 98, Johannesburg.

Transfer Office (Johannesburg)... Robinson Bank Buildings, Johannesburg.

Transfer Office (London) ... 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, E.C.

BLOCK B LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.

DIRECTORS' EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1896.

The balance-sheets, together with profit and loss account, are now submitted to shareholders.

FINANCIAL.

The total revenue for the year amounted to £144,583 17s., whereas the working expenses and interest on the Preferent Shares reached a total of £123,889 14s. 4d., leaving a profit for the year amounting to £20,694 2s. 8d.

MINE.

Development has been carried on in a satisfactory manner, and the reefs opened out have given good results. During the year under review fewer tons were crushed than in 1895, principally owing to the scarcity of native labour, to which cause must also be attributed the slight increase in the working costs. Water supply for milling purposes has been sufficient to meet the requirements of the battery.

GENERAL.

Mr. J. W. S. Langerman retires, by rotation, as a Director of this Company, but, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

Two Auditors will have to be elected for the current year, and the remuneration fixed for the past audit.

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.

BLOCK B LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.**STATEMENT OF LIABILITIES AND ASSETS FOR TWELVE MONTHS ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1896.**

Dr.	
To Capital	£550,000
Preferent Shares	82,500
	£632,500 0 0
Sundry Creditors—	
Trade Accounts, Wages, &c.	8,161 9 2
Profit and Loss Account—	
Balance	130,490 13 7
	£771,152 2 9

Cr.	
By Cash in hand	£36,151 2 9
Head Office	£36,039 13 0
Mine Office	111 9 9
By Gold in transit	5,019 11 6
Share Account	125,000 0 0
Bearer Warrants	326 5 6
Property	450,000 0 0
Buildings	14,877 12 6
Mill (80 stamps)	30,279 16 8
Machinery and Plant Account	56,957 0 6
Cyanide works	20,797 8 7
New dam construction	3,015 18 3
Mine development and shafts	24,982 5 4
Live stock and vehicles	934 4 1
Furniture	368 0 5
Stores	1,785 1 0
Sundry debtors	307 15 8
Transvaal Government	350 0 0
	£771,152 2 9

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.
GEO. BINGHAM, Secretary.

We hereby certify that we have examined the books of the Block B Langlaagte Estate Gold Mining Company, Limited, and compared same with vouchers and bank book, that we have found same correct, and that the above statement is a true extract from said books.

DAV. FRASER, } Auditors.
S. FLEISCHER, }

BLOCK B LANGLAAGTE ESTATE GOLD MINING COMPANY, Limited.**STATEMENT OF PROFIT AND LOSS AS AT DECEMBER 31ST, 1896.**

Dr.	
To Preferent Share Dividend	£6,599 19 0
Balance from Revenue and Expenditure Account	6,039 5 0
	£12,639 4 0
Balance, as per Liabilities and Assets Statement	130,490 13 7
	£143,129 17 7
Cr.	
By balance from January 1st	£109,796 10 11
Dividends received on Langlaagte Exploration and Building Company Shares... ..	33,333 6 8
	£143,129 17 7

J. B. ROBINSON, Chairman.
GEO. BINGHAM, Secretary.

Examined and found correct,

DAVID FRASER, } Auditors.
S. FLEISCHER, }

LONDON & COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LTD.

Established in 1836, and registered in 1880 under "The Companies Acts, 1862 to 1879."

CAPITAL, £8,000,000, in 100,000 SHARES of £80 each.

REPORT adopted at the Half-yearly General Meeting, the 5th August, 1897.

WILLIAM MCKEWAN, Esq., in the Chair.

The Directors, in submitting to the Proprietors the Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 30th June last, have to report that, after paying interest to customers and all charges, making provision for bad and doubtful debts, and allowing £27,361 18s. 10d. for rebate on bills not due, the net profits amount to £247,584 0s. 1d. From this sum has been deducted £25,000, transferred to Premises Account, leaving £222,584 0s. 1d., which with £76,184 12s. 4d., balance brought forward from last account, leaves available the sum of £298,768 12s. 5d.

The Directors have declared an Interim Dividend for the half-year of 10 per cent., together with a Bonus of One per cent., which will require £220,000, leaving the sum of £78,768 12s. 5d. to be carried to the Profit and Loss New Account.

The Directors with deep regret have to report the decease, on 1st April last, of Mr. James Gray, Chief Accountant, and one of the Joint General Managers, and a highly esteemed Officer, whose connexion with the Bank extended over a period of fifty-six years.

The Dividend and Bonus amounting together to £2 4s. per Share, free of Income Tax, will be payable at the Head Office, or at any of the Branches, on or after Monday, 16th August.

BALANCE-SHEET

Dr. Of the London and County Banking Company, Limited, 30th June, 1897.

Cr.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Capital subscribed £8,000,000							By Cash at the Head Office and Branches, and with Bank of England	5,711,367	2	11
Paid up	2,000,000	0	0				Loans at Call and at Notice, covered by Securities	3,627,385	4	4
Reserve Fund	1,000,000	0	0				Investments, viz. :—			
Due by the Bank on Current Accounts, on Deposit Accounts, with Interest accrued, Circular Notes, &c. .. .				42,097,699	13	0	Consols (2½ per Cent.) registered and in Certificates, and New 2½ per Cents., £6,751,001 7s. 11d. ; Canada 4 per Cent. Bonds, and Egyptian 3 per Cent. Bonds Guaranteed by the British Government	7,384,001	16	0
Liabilities on Acceptances, covered by Cash or Securities or Bankers' Guarantees				1,864,550	6	9	India Government Stock and Debentures, and India Government Guaranteed Railway Shares Stock and Debentures	1,052,535	6	8
Rebate on Bills not due carried to next Account				27,361	18	10	Metropolitan and other Corporation Stocks, Debenture Bonds, English Railway Debenture Stock and Colonial Bonds	1,668,952	5	1
Net Profit for the Half-Year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	247,584	0	1				Other Securities	7,668	10	0
Transferred to Premises Account	25,000	0	0				Discounted Bills Current	12,180,227	9	7
	222,584	0	1				Advances to Customers at the Head Office and Branches	13,371,423	7	5
Profit and Loss Balance brought from last Account	76,184	12	4	298,768	12	5	Liabilities of Customers for Drafts accepted by the Bank (as per Contra) ..			
							Freehold Premises in Lombard Street and Nicholas Lane, Freehold and Leasehold Property at the Branches, with Fixtures and Fittings	445,249	2	3
							Less Amount transferred from Profit and Loss	25,000	0	0
								420,249	2	3
								£47,288,380	11	0

Profit and Loss Account.

To	£	s.	d.	By	£	s.	d.
To Interest paid to Customers	81,492	12	4	By Balance brought forward from last Account	76,184	12	4
Salaries and all other Expenses at Head Office and Branches, including Income Tax on Profits and Salaries	246,147	4	3	Gross Profit for the Half-Year, after making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, and including Rebate, £51,243 8s. 3d. brought from 31st December last	602,585	15	6
Transferred to the credit of Premises Account	25,000	0	0				
Rebate on Bills not due, carried to New Account	27,361	18	10				
Dividend 10 per cent. for the Half-Year	200,000	0	0				
Bonus 1 per cent.	78,768	12	5				
Balance carried forward	298,768	12	5				
	£678,770	7	10				

Examined and audited by us,

(Signed) W. HOWARD,
W. MCKEWAN,
W. G. RATHBONE,
H. DEAN, Head Office Manager.
J. B. JAMES, Country Manager.
WM. HALL, Chief Accountant.
London and County Banking Company, Limited,
17th July, 1897.

Audit Committee of Directors.

We have examined the foregoing Balance-sheet, and Profit and Loss Account, have verified the Cash-Balance at the Bank of England, the Stocks there registered, and the other investments of the Bank. We have also examined the several Books and Vouchers showing the Cash-Balances, Bills, and other Amounts set forth, the whole of which are correctly stated; and we are of opinion this Balance-sheet and Profit and Loss Account are full and fair, properly drawn up, and exhibit a true and correct view of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

(Signed) H. V. GRANT,
HENRY GUNN,
WILLIAM NORMAN,
London and County Banking Company, Limited,
22nd July, 1897.

Auditors.

LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a DIVIDEND on the Capital of the Company at the rate of 10 per cent. for the Half-Year ending 30th June, 1897, together with a Bonus of 1 per cent., will be PAYABLE to the Proprietors, either at the Head Office, 21 Lombard Street, or at any of the Company's Branches, on or after Monday, the 16th instant.

21 LOMBARD STREET, 6th August, 1897.

By Order of the Board,
J. H. ATKINSON, Secretary.

Special attention is directed to the names and position of the Board of Directors in British Columbia. The Hon. J. H. Turner is Premier of British Columbia, and the Hon. C. E. Pooley, Q.C., is President of the Executive Council. Mr. Boscowitz is one of the best-known commercial men in the colony.

The Lists will Close on or before SATURDAY, 7 August, for both Town and Country.

KLONDYKE AND COLUMBIAN GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED

(BRITISH COLUMBIA).

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares.)

SHARE CAPITAL - - £100,000

Divided into 95,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and 5,000 Deferred Shares of £1 each.

The holders of the Ordinary Shares are entitled to a preferential dividend of 20 per cent. before the holders of the Deferred Shares receive anything, after the payment of which the surplus profit will be divided equally between the holders of the Ordinary and Deferred Shares.

Each subscriber for Ordinary Shares of this issue is entitled to subscribe for one Deferred Share for each 100 Ordinary Shares subscribed, payable in full on application.

The whole of the 95,000 Ordinary Shares will be devoted to Working Capital.

ISSUE of 95,000 ORDINARY SHARES, payable—2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment, and the Balance as and when required.

DIRECTORS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Hon. J. H. TURNER, Premier of British Columbia.
The Hon. C. E. POOLEY, Q.C., President of the Executive Council,
British Columbia.
JOSEPH BOSCOWITZ, Victoria, British Columbia.

DIRECTORS IN LONDON.

H. CHESTER-MASTER (Director Aladdin's Lamp Gold Mining Company, Limited).
J. DE LARA COHEN (Director Dunallan Gold Mines, Limited).
ALFRED TIANO, Connaught Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., and Paris.
Colonel A. BURTON-BROWN, R.A., F.G.S. (Director Hannar's Find Gold Reefs, Limited).
* The right is reserved to nominate a Director after allotment.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.

E. G. TILTON, C.E., Victoria, British Columbia.

BANKERS.

BROWN, JANSON & CO., 32 Abchurch Lane, E.C.

BROKERS.

London: GEORGE REAVEY & CO., 5 Throgmorton Avenue, and Stock Exchange, E.C.
Glasgow: DOUGLAS CAIRNEY, 45 West Nile Street, and Stock Exchange.
Dublin: W. CRAIG MURRAY, 51 Dame Street, and Stock Exchange.
Swansea: STEPHEN P. WILLS, 20 Wind Street, Swansea.

SOLICITORS.

SPENCER, CRIDLAND & CO., 34 Victoria Street, S.W., and 215 Piccadilly, W.
DAVIE, POOLEY & LUXTON, Victoria, British Columbia.

AUDITORS.

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS & CO., Lothbury, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

A. THOMSON, 34 Victoria Street, S.W.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed to acquire, explore, sell, work, lease, promote, or otherwise deal in mines, minerals, and mining lands in the Klondyke Goldfields of British Columbia, and for the other objects set out in the Memorandum of Association.

The recent extraordinary gold discoveries at Klondyke have astonished the world, and people are rushing there from all parts of the globe.

Mining experts, it is stated, feel confident that the Klondyke gold yield will prove far greater than the most sanguine estimates. Prominent financial men in America express the belief that Alaska and the North-West Territory will shortly experience one of the greatest booms of the century.

Mr. John W. Mackay, the Bonanza King, and President of the Commercial Cable Company, says:—"I am sure that the Klondyke Goldfields are enormously rich. Capital will fly there and open up the country."

It is stated that the Canadian Pacific Railway contemplates constructing branch lines to Klondyke and the Alaskan ports on the Pacific.

That this Company will have unusual facilities (being almost the first Klondyke Company to be issued, giving the public an opportunity of participating in enormous possibilities of profit) for conducting its operations on the first-cost principle, and so reaping the larger profits usually made by promoters is apparent.

The Board is composed of practical men experienced in the control and financing of gold properties. Special attention is directed to the names and position of the Board in British Columbia. The Hon. J. H. Turner is the Premier of British Columbia, the Hon. C. E. Pooley, Q.C., is President of the Executive Council, and Mr. Boscowitz is a gentleman of great business experience and standing in the colony. The importance to the Company of this unique connection cannot be overestimated, as it will obviously have at its command the choice of the leading mining experts in the colony.

The Company will make it a special object to obtain options on, or purchase, approved mining leases, and develop and resell the same; to assist owners of leases in developing their properties, obtaining from such owners in return a substantial interest in their mines; to establish such offices or agencies in the different districts of Canada, or elsewhere, as may be required for the successful carrying on of the Company's business.

The Company will generally act as a medium between investors in England and the owners of sound undertakings; negotiate the sale of properties, dealing only with such as are believed to be of a thoroughly bona-fide character; and promote or otherwise establish companies of a public or private nature for the purpose of acquiring and working, or otherwise turning to account, what are deemed to be desirable undertakings.

* Valuable properties are often in the hands of individuals without means for efficiently working them, and it will be one of the objects of

this Company to acquire options on, or interests in, such properties on the most favourable terms.

The Directors have already under consideration the purchase of valuable properties at such low prices as on the resale will, it is anticipated, give large profits to this Company at an early date.

The many Companies, Corporations, and Syndicates which have been formed from time to time with similar objects to this Company, and which have distributed very large dividends among their Shareholders, are too well known to need enumeration.

The only contract entered into is dated August 3, 1897, and is made between Charles Frederick Flack, of the one part, and the Company of the other part, whereby he is to have allotted to him the Deferred Shares as fully-paid up (but which are not entitled to participate in any dividends until after the Ordinary Shares have been paid 20 per cent.), in consideration of which he agrees to pay all expenses, legal and otherwise, attending the formation of the Company up to the first allotment of shares, except registration fees, advertising expenses, and brokerage.

The above-mentioned contract and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Office of the Solicitors of the Company.

It is intended to make application in due course to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the Company's Shares.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, and of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

KLONDYKE AND COLUMBIAN GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES,

To be retained by the Bankers.

To the Directors of the Klondyke and Columbian Goldfields, Limited.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Bankers of the Company the sum of £.....being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per share on application for.....Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I request you to allot me the said Shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any smaller number that you may allot to me, and to pay the balance due thereon, 2s. 6d. per Share on allotment, and future calls as required. I authorize you to place my name on the register of members of the Company for the number of Shares allotted to me.

Name (in full).....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Signature.....

Telegraphic address: "Notaculum."

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by SPOTTISWOODE & Co., 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 7 August, 1897.